Week ending January 6 1945 THREEPENCE

JOHN BULL

Every Thursday

CHILD PROBLEMS OF 1945

by Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C.

HERBERT MORRISON

by A. G. Gardiner

Lovely complexion..

stimulating freshness

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. . . for whiter, brighter teeth and a clean, fresh mouth. Cultivate that regular twice-a-day Kolynos habit and you, too, will swear by this cleansing and refreshing tooth paste.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

IMPORTANT—
USED TUBES ARE REQUIRED FOR MUNITIONS: RETURN THEM TO YOUR CHEMIST.

Remember Red Army Day, Feb. 23. Joint Committee for Soviet Aid (Reg. under War Charities Act, 1940). 171 St. Stephen's H'se, S.W.1. Under the patronage of H.E. the Soviet Ambassador.

FOOD FACTS

WINTER SALADS

Salads can be substantial and in the dark Winter days—the season of ills and chills—the vitamins and minerals in raw vegetable salads help us to fight infection and fatigue. Make a point of giving your family a big bowl of salad three or four times a week served, either as a separate course, or as an accompaniment to the omelette, meat or fish.

Beetroot Cup Salad

Ingredients : 2 medium-sized cooked beetroots, about 1½ lb., 2 sticks celery chopped, 2-3 oz. grated cheese, 1 apple, grated, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 2 teaspoons chopped parsley, 2-3 tablespoons salad dressing, salt and pepper, ½ lb. shredded cabbage. *Method :* Cut the beetroots in half and scoop out the centres carefully. Mix the other ingredients except the cabbage. Season well. Put this mixture into the beetroot cups. Chop the centres removed from the beetroot and mix this with the cabbage. Arrange the beetroot cups on a bed of shredded cabbage.

Mixed Vegetable Salad

Ingredients : 2 medium-sized carrots, grated, 2 sticks celery, chopped finely, 1 small piece of onion, ½ small turnip, grated, 1 bunch watercress, chopped, ½ lb. cabbage shredded, salt and pepper, vinegar or salad dressing, if liked. *Method :* Mix together all the ingredients. Season well and dress with vinegar or salad dressing.

Stuffed Apple Salad
(for the Children)

Scoop out the inside of a rosy apple, chop and mix with diced celery, shredded beetroot, shredded cabbage and chopped celery. Fill the apple with the mixture, moistened, if liked, with a simple dressing.

HOUSEHOLD MILK
The second allocation of Household Milk began on December 10th — one tin for each Ration Book during the 8-week period.

LISTEN TO THE KITCHEN FRONT ON TUES. WED. THURS. & FRI. at 8.15 a.m.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 235

When he's back—

to the meals that mother makes

BISTO

FOR DELICIOUS GRAVY

Look at him now

AND YET he was once so puny, so fretful and nothing would stay on his stomach. Then his mother tried Nestlé's Milk and, almost overnight, a change came about. Mother says Nestlé's was a godsend. And all because Nestlé's Milk is rich, full cream country milk, Nature's own perfect food, so prepared that even a delicate baby can digest it easily.

Nestlé's Milk

RICHEST IN CREAM

Hats off to Britain

Britain took all the unpleasant things that came her way—and did without all the nice things that didn't. Simple things... oranges and lemons...nuts and raisins...the creamy flavour of Quaker Oats...the rich, wholesome aroma of its cooking... the satisfying goodness of it. Remember? Now anticipate!

Quick QUAKER OATS

TO PUT THE FLAVOUR INTO THAT PUDDING USE . . .

FOSTER CLARK'S SOUPS

WE ALWAYS MAKE THE BEST POSSIBLE

In Peace time it's

'Golden Shred'

Now it's J.R JELLY MARMALADE

Why? Because war conditions restrict supplies of bitter oranges, which prevents the manufacture of "GOLDEN SHRED." Fruit is controlled, but quality cannot be standardised. Robertson's pre-war reputation and skill coupled with our 80 years' old tradition, still count for a lot.

It's a Robertson Product

—you can depend on it

JAMES ROBERTSON & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
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CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

Cadbury quality—and no points

January 6 1945 JOHN BULL Volume 77 Number 2012 93 Long Acre London WC2 Telephone Temple Bar 2468

Without Fear or Favour

GOOD JOBS FOR ALL

NEVER AGAIN NEED our towns be saddened by "dole" queues and rich farms left to rot.

Full Employment—essential work for everyone at decent wages—is not a tub-thumper's slogan, but practical politics.

The war has proved that. To-day we are more short of workers than work. To-morrow's task will be to transfer them from the making of destructive weapons to peaceful goods which will raise the standard of life for us all.

Our success will depend on one main factor.

Shall we plan for prosperity now, or shall we mark time for the present and then allow "free enterprise" to see-saw the world's trade between Boom and Slump?

The second course was followed by Governments before the war. They did nothing until an industry rusted, then they handed out a subsidy.

They did not insist that the industry should make itself more efficient and better able to sell its products, nor did they encourage initiative.

SINCE WAR BEGAN, a definite policy has had to be followed to secure a record output.

The State has had to concern itself with the efficiency of many industries and to gain the co-operation of employers and trades unions.

As in war, so should it be in peace. Then, too, increased production will be necessary so that all resources of men and materials may be used to the full.

The Government has recognised this principle. Now it must proceed from principle to planning. Each industry must be able to see how to adapt itself for the requirements that will be demanded of it.

Such adaptations may be costly. Some industrial leaders, short of sight and narrow of forehead, are protesting that the price may be prohibitive.

They are wrong. It is cheaper to promote work than to allow the country to be impoverished by lack of work.

The answer to "Can we afford it?" is that we cannot afford not to provide Full Employment.

The Editor

GERMANY'S BACK-DOOR

Hitler's Burst Drums. Hotel for Torturers. Did Monty Save the Front? Eden's Lost Ground. Honours for Women

THE NEW YEAR opens with searchlights directed on the Western Front, where Von Rundstedt has failed to do more than delay his own defeat.

In consequence, Austria has been in the shadows, yet Austria is now of tremendous importance.

It was a German who called Austria the "Sicily of Germany." The remark was significant. He meant that Austria's tie to Germany was as slender as Sicily's tie to the kingdom of Italy.

He meant, too, that there was a possibility of the Austrians greeting the Allies in the same way as the Sicilians — as liberators, not as enemies.

Gateway to Germany

Now that the Soviet armies are against the Austrian frontier the test has come. Austria is a traditionally easy invasion gateway from the east.

And Austria, the land of music, means more to Germany at the moment than ever before.

It has become the vital centre of the German munitions industries. Already it has a greater output than the Ruhr or the Silesian industrial district.

Nearly seven years have passed since Goering's engineers followed the Wehrmacht over the border and started the Hermann combine in Linz.

It now has four main plants in Austria, one in the suburbs of Vienna. Allied bombers from the Mediterranean have been busy over all of them.

Driving the turbines and manning the production lines of this modern Austria are 200,000 imported Nazi officials, foremen and workers, and a vast army of semi-skilled Austrian labour.

Will they Panic?

In recent months two things have happened in the Austrian factories. Officials have left and returned to Germany, and production has fallen.

Desertions have depleted the "labour front," as the Nazis call it.

Conditions are becoming chaotic. The world has been busy watching the critical fight on the Western Front, now successfully contained by the Allies.

The world has overlooked the back door.

Two things can happen in Austria in the near future: first, the Austrians may welcome the Allies, as the Sicilians did.

Second, they may merely panic, and thus paralyse one of the last big industrial resources left to the Reich.

Torture Down Below

BUDAPEST IS THE FIRST outward sign of the Balkans as the Orient Express moves slowly across Europe. On the hills of old Buda the Ottoman warriors were brought to a halt as they tried to advance against Christianity.

Its wild, almost Oriental architecture, its strange and incomprehensible language, its bubbling café life and its superb river front all make it the most exciting capital in Europe to the traveller.

Thousands of Britons know its Hotel Britannia, on the elegant Rakpart, where Horthy and his thugs planned the coup which overthrew Bela Kun's Communist government in 1919.

It was in the cellars of this luxury hotel that scores of Left Wingers were tortured, while the confabs were going on upstairs. It was from those cellars that so many victims were pitched, through the sewers, into the fast-flowing icy Danube.

Hence the Hungarian expression "being sent swimming," which was years in front of "taken for a ride."

Gangsters on the Run

What will happen now, when the Soviet war flag flies over the spires of old Buda, and the Horthy gangsters are legging it into Germany in advance of the Soviet armies?

Hungary is a non-Slav state between the U.S.S.R. and the Slavs on the Adriatic coast. It is a broken link in a chain of Soviet influence which stretches down almost to Venice.

Its capture offers enormous political opportunities which the realists in the Kremlin are well aware of, and I predict that they will handle the problem as they handled it in Bucharest.

They will supoort the provisional government of General Miklos, who has succeeded in changing sides in good time.

From the Soviet point of view it is a Government that offers possibilities.

Where's Bula Kun?

Meanwhile, there is one man who must be watching developments with sardonic satisfaction, Bela Kun himself.

The old revolutionary is now sixty years of age. He has been reported dead a score of times. More mystery has been built up around him than almost any other man of modern times.

My information is that he is alive and hearty, in Moscow. A fugitive from the political police of many countries, he now sees the Soviet succeed where his own army failed 25 years ago.

What would have happened if the Allies had not decided to starve Kun and his followers out in war-split Hungary? You could write a book on such speculation. But at least the world would have been spared Horthy and his cronies.

Ike and Monty

WHEN THE STORY of the last three weeks on the Western Front can be told in full it will prove one of the most sensational of the whole war.

There were bad days, when for a time the situation became desperate.

Full details of what went on behind the scenes cannot come out until after the war. When they do, some reputations will be strengthened. Others will be badly hit.

Two men whose already high reputations will be enhanced, I predict, are Dwight Eisenhower and Field-Marshal Montgomery.

JB insurance

1945

WARTIME SECURITY FOR EVERY READER

As announced last week, JOHN BULL'S unparalleled War-time Security Gift will continue in 1945.

Readers not yet registered can obtain forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Eisenhower has come out from a tight corner with high honour

Montgomery's major part in breaking the German attacks is bound to be the subject of a statement by Mr. Churchill when Parliament reassembles.

He Saved the Situation

Indeed some military experts believe that a hasty rearrangement of forces by the Deputy Supreme Commander may have prevented a breakthrough which could have reached to the coast.

As it is, Von Rundstedt, despite occasional flourishes, has now spent his attacking force. The breakthrough became a bulge, the bulge became a salient. The salient will be ironed out.

When the Germans come to count the cost of this winter fling, they may well find that it was disastrously heavy.

This does not mean that the Germans are not gathering for fresh blows; on the contrary. They are.

But the worst, I suggest, is over.

Hitler's Worth

A FEW WEEKS AGO I predicted that Hitler would very soon be back in the news. At the time it was fashionable to believe that he was dead.

Well, he has been back again all right. The Nazis are busy spreading the belief that his pathetic "intuition" was behind Von Rundstedt's counter attack.

I doubt it. But, if true, we were very lucky. Hitler at work would be worth twenty divisions to the Allies. His generalship is that bad.

Now yet another theory accounting for his long silence is being discussed in London.

Himmler's Hope

Hitler, it is thought, was nearly killed in the famous bomb explosion. His ear drums were ruptured.

Since then he has had a number of operations and is slowly recovering. But he is unable to concentrate for very long.

Himmler, seeing this, has been consolidating the highest powers into his own hands. At the same time it pays him to keep spreading the idea that Hitler is still at the helm.

He is determined, it is believed in London, to bring the German army back to the 5,000,000 mark, and is ruthlessly stripping his industrial front of anyone capable of carrying arms.

Mountbatten's Ambition

MEANWHILE THE WAR against the Japanese in the Far East goes very well. The campaign through Burma

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

is slow and monotonous. It is hard-going for the troops. But it is producing results.

The man behind it, Lord Louis Mountbatten, has been criticised by some of the Americans in the past. But his ability has been proved many times over.

A colleague recently returned from the Far East tells me that Mountbatten has a quick and brilliant mind, as anyone who lunches with him or attends one of his conferences is instantly aware.

He is a clever talker, and an eager one. His ambition now is to stay out East and recapture Singapore.

Anthony Eden's Future

WHILE IN GREECE, Anthony Eden celebrated his twenty-first birthday as a Member of Parliament. He first sat for Warwick in 1923.

Eden's future as a Tory Minister is now less certain than it used to be. People are no longer so positive that he is a Prime Minister of to-morrow.

Influential members of his Party have lately found newer and safer favourites.

Sincere but unimaginative, Eden has worked hard and honestly for his Party. He is a dull speaker, who can say nothing at some length, but at question time lately he has shown a snap and vigour previously lacking in his work.

Doctor Kept From Patient

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS to which he should give priority at the moment is the future of U.N.R.R.A.—United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration—that horribly named balm which was to soothe the wounds of stricken Europe.

U.N.R.R.A., to put it mildly, is in a beautiful mess. Its desire to help Europe is being treated very roughly.

Operational needs and security reasons are both advanced, preventing the doctor from getting at the patient.

Is U.N.R.R.A. functioning *anywhere* on the Continent? I don't think so.

Your Identity Card

ALTHOUGH NO OFFICIAL decision has yet been made, you can take it for granted that identity cards are among the war time innovations which will become permanent in Britain.

This will produce the usual outcry from outraged "individualists," who will twitter something about a further interference with liberty. They always do.

In fact, the identity card is a reasonable and unobtrusive social safeguard. Many European countries had them long before the war.

They make police work easier. They help to prevent fraud. They are useful in combating such social problems as bigamy, whose figures are increasing alarmingly. Indeed, bigamy now seems to be established as the most popular indoor sport in Britain.

So the identity cards will stay.

Medal Ribbons For Sale

LONDON'S BATTALION of hawkers, to whose increasing activities I have frequently called attention of late, have produced two new "lines."

They are doing a brisk trade in American medal ribbons. Walking from St. James's Square to Long Acre a day or two ago I passed three of them with well-stocked trays.

An American G.I. assured me that the ribbons were the real McCoy. There is apparently nothing to prevent anyone from treating himself to an unlimited show of bravery.

Surely this sort of thing should be better supervised.

I include those rather lurid shops, of which there are many in the West End, where a man can buy all sorts of military insignia with no questions asked.

It is inviting fraud.

The second line required a certain amount of courage. But on Boxing Day—and you remember what Boxing Day was like in England—I found two hawkers selling *ice cream* in Central London.

Americans Spend Millions

MEANWHILE, IN AMERICA itself, public expenditure on civilian goods and services topped the fantastic figure of 24,000 *million* pounds in 1944. This is more than five times what Britain has spent on the war in the same period.

The figure is horrifying. It is seriously alarming enlightened American opinion.

So, I imagine, is the recent utterance of a leading Broadway consultant, who defined the post-war problem of the advertising fraternity as the business of "making the public buy at least twice as many goods as they did before the war."

This may be glib, orthodox business, but it is suicidal economics. It leads straight up the gilded stairs to a first-class slump.

It Makes You Whistle

THE MAIN RAILWAY COMPANIES chose a day when expresses were running six hours late to launch their charming picture of post-war railway developments in Britain.

It will be a streamlined world, of super expresses on special tracks, of gay compartments and luxurious dining-cars. Above all, it will be a speed world, with trains faster than ever before.

Veteran heroes of Liverpool Street, where peace time trains still ran to schedules which were about fifty years out of date, will be excused if they raise a questioning eyebrow.

Have the railways really decided to bring themselves up to the twentieth century? Or is this the insinuating voice of our old friend Private Enterprise, preparing ammunition against nationalisation threats?

Florence and Ellen

TWO WOMEN, Florence Horsbrugh and Ellen Wilkinson, are made Privy Councillors in the New Year Honours List.

Previously there had only been one woman P.C.—Margaret Bondfield.

Miss Wilkinson is now convalescing from her long illness which prevented her taking the chair at the recent Labour Party conference.

The honour is a just reward for her hard work at the Ministry of Home Security. Miss Horsbrugh, of course, is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health.

She has been in the House of Commons since 1931.

Admiral's Thistle

One of the rarest of present Orders appeared in the Honours List—the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle.

It is one of the least known of honours: a vacancy occurred in it when the Queen's father died.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, appropriately enough the son of a Scots Varsity professor, has now received the honour.

V-Bombs Go North

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND has now had a taste of V-bombs, surely the most senseless of all modern war weapons.

As in the south, so in the north; the bombs have achieved nothing beyond reconfirming the will to win among the workers.

The northerners anyway, have no regrets. They are eager to show that they can take it, just as much as Londoners and the people of the south-east corner.

Meanwhile these attacks strike a warning note. JOHN BULL is the only journal in the country which invites its readers to join in a free personal war risk insurance scheme.

Argument

STEEL HOUSES . . . ?

From tin hats to tin huts? Is steel the best material for solving post-war housing problems? Here are the arguments for and against

for

1. The 500,000 workers on house building in the immediate pre-war years used to build about 350,000 houses yearly. This means over ten years to built the 4,000,000 houses now needed. Steel houses can be mass-produced rapidly and efficiently.

2. As armament manufacture slackens we shall have surplus steel and steelworkers.

3. Heat and sound-proofing devices, built-in furniture, and pressed steel wash boiler-cooker-sink-refrigerator units make steel houses a wonderful job.

4. The State will see to the upkeep (mainly painting) and when permanent houses are ready the steel ones can be dismantled easily and the metal used for other purposes.

5. At one stroke steel houses will aid our industrial changeover, because they can be built in factories now on war work, and will ease the housing shortage.

against

1. Steel is fine for girders, poor for walls. Given war time drive, an expanded, reorganised building industry with proper materials and modern techniques can supply our needs without recourse to makeshift schemes.

2. There will be no surplus steel for a long time after the war.

3. Luxury gadgets and trimmings are only a bait to induce the acceptance of an otherwise unsightly, sub-standard house.

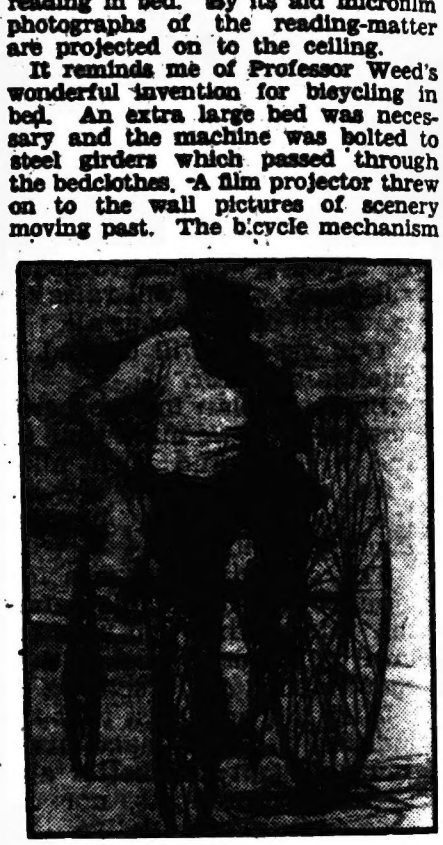
4. Steel houses rust, collect damp and produce unpleasant sound effects. Overcoming these drawbacks is costly and increases the initial price and the upkeep. Suppose they are not scrapped even when they have deteriorated?

5. Factories can be fully occupied after the war producing things which we are now doing without. Building is a job for builders, not factories.

WITH MY FEET UP
by IAN FOX

AT A RECENT conference of the Association of Special Libraries someone described a novel device for reading in bed. By its aid microfilm photographs of the reading-matter are projected on to the ceiling.

It reminds me of Professor Weed's wonderful invention for bicycling in bed. An extra large bed was necessary and the machine was bolted to steel girders which passed through the bedclothes. A film projector threw on to the wall pictures of scenery moving past. The bicycle mechanism also caused a toy sheep to pop up over the foot of the bed, so that the occupant could count it.



With apologies to Gilbert Dumpier and "Remember When"

Professor Weed, President of the Weed Cycling Club, on his wonderful invention for bicycling sideways round mountains

Personally, I wish someone would invent a way of getting up in the morning while staying in bed.

Pottering About

MY FATHER says that, at a Midlands crockery factory, an expert potter can make 8,000 mugs a week.

He's still 2,000 short of the record, because somewhere or other, we're told, there's one born every minute.

Heard at the Club

"BY GAD, COLONEL, that spy woman, Irma del Monico, is a nice little bit of goods."

"Fascinating little filly, General."

"Intelligent, too. When I told her all about our strategy, dammit, she understood it in a moment. Though, of course, as she said herself, I have a gift for explaining things."

"And she's got—sex-appeal, they call it nowadays, eh, General? Ha, ha, the little witch actually kissed me on the tip of my nose when I told her where her brother's regiment was stationed."

"Brother? She told me she was all alone in the world. The poor little gal wanted to go to Paris for some new clothes, and I tell you, old boy, when she started snuggling up and tickling my moustache, I couldn't refuse to get her a permit."

"How about dropping along to her flat for a drink now, General?"

"Damned good idea, Colonel. I'll just 'phone the War Office to say where I shall be if they want me."

CHILD PROBLEMS OF 1945

Homes have been broken up by war—and by the ever-growing number of divorces. The effects on to-morrow's citizens are wisely discussed here

by Sir Gervais Rentoul, K.C.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN."

Never have these poignant words—torn, of course, from their context—possessed such a tragic and terrible significance as during the past five years.

Never have little children suffered so much.

In every part of the world where fighting is taking place children have been blown to pieces, ruthlessly massacred, tortured and starved to death in their hundreds of thousands for causes of which they were entirely ignorant and could not in any event have understood.

In Fascist countries whole generations of children have had their minds corrupted and polluted, their natures twisted and distorted in order to fulfil the evil purposes of their rulers.

Has Separation Harmed Them?

And what of our own country? More than 7,000 of our children have been killed and injured in air raids and many thousands more have been injured. Innumerable others have been orphaned or rendered homeless, but in some ways worst of all are the psychological injuries children have suffered: the mental strain and disturbance, the terror from air raids, the loss of sleep, the long hours in the vitiated atmosphere of the shelters, the enforced separation from parents and friends, the shortage of important foodstuffs, and the many other deprivations.

That the war has played havoc with the domestic lives of countless couples, whose marriages have been dragged up by the roots, goes without saying. No magistrate can have any doubt about it, for already the results are all too apparent in the divorce lists and the work of the matrimonial courts. Indeed, it is probable that for some years after the war much of our time will be occupied in endeavouring to unravel these innumerable and complex domestic tangles.

Yet if there had been no war most of the couples concerned would probably have jogged along contentedly enough. As things are, the husband may be serving with the Forces, the wife is working on munitions, the family life has been disrupted, and the children pay the price. The parents often cease to regard them as their special responsibility, and in many cases evacuation has merely accentuated the difficulty by shifting altogether for the time being the actual job of looking after them.

I am not suggesting that all parents feel like this. On the contrary, to many it has caused real distress and sacrifice when the children have gone away, however glad they may be to have them in a place of safety.

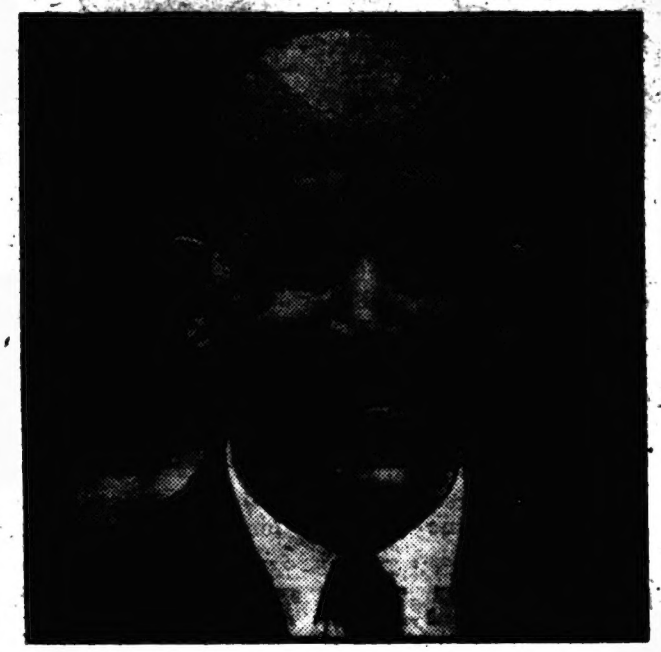
Yet for most of the children evacuation has been a big adventure; it has given them a new outlook and broadened their minds.

Children Are More Adaptable

Children, too, are much more adaptable than grown-ups and speedily adjust themselves to new conditions, especially if free from what has too often proved to be the disturbing influence of their parents' presence. For this reason experience has proved that in nine cases out of ten the children have been happiest and done best when sent away by themselves.

Taken as a whole, therefore, and in spite of a few unfortunate "misfits" to which too much publicity has been given, there is plenty of evidence that the results of evacuation, quite apart from its immediate purpose of safeguarding the children's lives, have been almost universally beneficial.

There has been a marked improvement in health and stamina, especially in those who have come from the slums and congested areas. In addition, the children have gained first-hand experience of country life and have learnt something of its attractions. Many of them will probably form part of that "back-to-the-land" movement we all want to see, thereby helping to create a true balance between agriculture and industry without which no nation can thrive.



Sir Gervais Rentoul

is a merciful magistrate (he has sat at West London police court since 1934), with a knack of putting witnesses at ease. He has blamed parents for boys' hooliganism, attacked the colour bar, referred to criminals as "poor devils," and advocated police court divorces. An amateur actor in his youth, he became a staff captain in the last war and later was M.P. for Lowestoft for twelve years

But what about those children who have gone overseas—to Canada and Australia? How have they been affected? Again, the results would seem to have been wholly beneficial.

Much depends, of course, on whether the child is old enough to observe and remember; but surely no boy or girl can have had this memorable experience without deriving from it the greatest benefit?

Pioneers of Empire

They have seen for themselves these far distant lands of the British Commonwealth, they have experienced the lavish hospitality and warm-heartedness of our kinsmen across the seas, which is something they will remember all their lives. Not only that, but they will long to revisit these places at the first opportunity. Many of them will decide later on to settle there, thus helping to populate these vast territories with men and women of British stock. Nothing could be more important, for if we do not undertake this task other nations assuredly will, and the British Commonwealth, as such, will cease to exist.

Therefore, these children may be regarded as pioneers of Empire, and neither they nor their parents will have any reason to regret the temporary sacrifice of family life and the heartburning it may have entailed at the time.

Space does not permit me to mention many other problems affecting children in war time. Perhaps, however, I may refer to one in which, as a Metropolitan magistrate, I am specially interested.

What effect has the war had on juvenile delinquency?

Even prior to 1939 it was a disturbing fact that nearly half the indictable crime of the country was committed by young people under the age of twenty-one. Recent statistics are difficult to obtain, but so far as my own experience goes the problem has been accentuated by war.

In saying this I do not want to appear an alarmist. It would seem that a certain laxity in moral standards—particularly standards of honesty and in juvenile crime—are part of the price, and not the least serious part, that a nation at war has to pay. I hope the position will readjust itself when normal conditions return, but meanwhile it does not lessen the responsibility of those who have to deal with those youngsters who are at the most critical period of their lives. Whilst avoiding exaggerated sentimentalism, we have to show patience and understanding.

Particularly must we remember certain factors which affect most young people to-day, and not merely those who commit some offence.

For instance, there is the noticeable decline in parental influence and authority. This is widespread and not by any means a war time phenomenon. It arises from a changed attitude on the part of parents towards their children and in social conventions generally during the past two or three decades.

It may well be that in some respects it has resulted in a closer comradeship and a better understanding compared with the old days when parents of all classes often ruled their offspring with a rod of iron. On the other hand, we have to admit that this new spirit of independence has led to a lack of discipline in many young people and a growing disregard for the advice of their elders, of which a lessened respect for the authority of the law is only one symptom.

Parents Don't Count

The subject is a controversial one, but I confess to being somewhat shocked by the number of parents I meet who unashamedly admit that they have no control over their children—even those of comparatively tender years.

There is also the fact that, owing to the temporary shortage of labour, many young people are earning more than is good for them.

During the past year or two I have frequently had before me charged with some offence lads of fifteen to seventeen receiving £5, £6 or even £10 a week, who would have been lucky before the war to earn £1 or 25s. Of these inflated earnings their mothers sometimes manage to extract £1 or 30s. to pay for their keep, but the rest they spend on "wine, women and song"—at the public-house or cinema in the company of girls who not infrequently present a greater problem than the boys.

If in these cases we could have had some system of compulsory savings or deferred earnings it might have been much better for the young people themselves as well as a material assistance to them in the difficult days of readjustment they will have to face after the war.

Of course, these youngsters are not without excuse, especially in congested urban areas. Many youth centres, clubs and other recreational facilities no longer exist, and in any event there were never enough of them. Opportunities for educational development have been curtailed, and then there is the excitement and unsettlement due to the war, stimulated by many stories of stirring deeds in the papers, and on the films and wireless, which young people naturally desire to emulate and which sometimes brings them into conflict with the law.

To sum up, any help which we older people can give in dealing with the problems of the rising generation, for whom the normal routine of childhood, through no fault of their own, has been so rudely shattered, should be regarded by all of us as a sacred obligation. After all, the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, and it is in their hands that the peace, prosperity and happiness of the world will ultimately rest.

Take Your House, Too

PATRICK SPENCER tells how Americans plan to build easily moveable houses

REPORTS SAY that America is preparing to send us something like £12,000,000 worth of prefabricated houses under the Lend-Lease programme. These will only form a drop in the ocean of our post-war housing requirements; nevertheless, they will be a help.

It is interesting to notice not only the houses themselves but the very different attitude which Americans take towards the future growth of prefabricated dwellings.

One United States mass-production concern has produced a complete permanent dwelling for a family of four for just under £500. When erected on the site it will be ready to live in except for such items as linen, cutlery, and so on. Nearly all the furniture and fittings are built in.

Send for an Extra Room

This house has two bedrooms, one with a double bed, the other with two bunks. Plumbing, wiring, gas pipes, and so on are ready to connect to the mains on the site.

The construction is mainly of a specially treated tough plywood. The inner walls are lined with a steel sheath and the wall cavity filled with a light insulating material which makes them as effective as eighteen inches of brick and as strong as a house of brick or steel.

Manufacturers are already planning so that "spare parts" for these houses will be available. You will simply order, say, a new wall or ceiling. If your family increases you will send for an extra bedroom, which will be fitted with no trouble.

If you want a larger house, the suppliers will take your old house in part-exchange.

In practice, your new house will arrive on the site in the morning, and you will remove your loose furnishings. By afternoon you will move back into your larger house without having to spend a single night out. The old house would be dismantled and removed by the same trailer which brought the new one.

Super Caravans

In America, they look on the prefabricated house, not as a temporary expedient, but as a permanent possession with the advantage that it can move with the owner.

Hitherto, a married man who had sunk his savings in a permanent house might feel compelled to turn down a better job in another part of the country. In future, he can simply fold up the house and repitch it on a site to be leased or bought near the new job.

This need involve little trouble when plans already suggested are brought to fruition, for any big industrial or other communities to which ambitious young men and women continuously migrate in the upward trend of success would establish group "home sites" with accommodation for hundreds of portable houses in surroundings prepared by landscape gardeners.

Thus, a young couple, arriving with their home, would find its site awaiting them, perhaps amidst a group of pretty trees, flower-beds, and lawns. Signing the lease for the site, they would have their house in position within a few hours, and connected up to a standardised system of electric, water, gas, and sewerage mains.

One type of house in mass-production in America is particularly suitable for this It travels on detachable wheels and an ingenious system of levers opens the whole thing out as a comfortable five-roomed home, complete with fittings.

Harold Emmerson, Director of Man-power, at home with his family

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. Harold C. Emmerson,

Director-General of Man-power

DEAR SIR,—We haven't yet scraped the man-power barrel in Britain as desperately as the Nazis have scraped theirs. But your task of getting 250,000 more men into the Army is no easy one.

I am glad to learn that you hope to avoid taking many more women from their homes to replace men drafted from munitions factories. For you appreciate, as I do, the way in which our women have shouldered the burden of war.

May I suggest that before a single extra woman is directed to war work that your comb-out machine gets busy in other quarters?

In Soho and the West End, by day and by night—especially by night—many young men, apparently eligible for war service, either in the Army or in factories, are idling away their time.

May I suggest that a check-up at greyhound tracks and race meetings might bring you some of the men you are seeking? And may I point out that wherever the Black Market flourishes there you will find the dodgers and slackers who are impeding the war effort?

The centre of every big city, every big market, looks alive with sources of untapped man-power. I say looks, because some of these men may be on Army leave, may be medically unfit, or may be honourably discharged.

Yet I maintain that before you resort to impressing more women into factories you should make sure that the men who have evaded for years their obligations should be roped in.

You admit that your job is a big one, and you say that the machinery already exists to do the job. Maybe. But will the machinery pull in those who so far have ignored and defied it?

We used to say that "every volunteer is worth ten pressed men." Let's alter it to read "better one pressed dodger than ten pressed women."—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. Willink, M.P.,

Minister of Health

DEAR MR. WILLINK,—Report of Lord Ridley's Committee on Rent Control, which should be absorbing your attention in a week or two, is awaited as anxiously by the public as by your experts because it is expected to form the basis of a new Order pegging the price of houses.

This legislation will probably control all houses costing £2,000 or less, coming on the market in the future, at their 1939 values—a reform which is long overdue.

Speculation in property is reaching fantastic proportions. I am told that the "easy money" gentry are busy all over Britain, in the countryside as well as in the towns and suburbs, buying up anything which promises exorbitant gain on reselling.

Price control, as proposed, will not be welcomed by everybody. There is bound to be opposition from those whose interests are wholly aimed at high and quick profits. But the hundreds of thousands of little people hunting for homes at reasonable prices will be grateful for your intervention. —JOHN BULL.

Mrs. Ruth Dalton,

West Leaze, Aldbourne, Wilts

DEAR MRS. DALTON,—I've aired many a grouse against your husband in his capacity as President of the Board of Trade. Now I'll even up things a little by complimenting you on your courage in taking on a job which most people would shun like the plague.

As Secretary of U.N.R.R.A.'s Sub-committee on Displaced Persons, you will be on the Continent soon to put into action your plan for rehabilitating the hundreds of thousands of Stateless and deported people in Europe—those slaves still toiling and suffering in German war factories.

The magnitude of the task, the problems involved, and the countless inevitable snags, would appal the stoutest heart. Because of that I wish you God-speed when you begin your mission of mercy and humanity.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Edgar Swain,

Wellington, New Zealand

DEAR MR. SWAIN,—When a man travels half-way round the world for the express purpose of spending £1,000,000 it would seem a sure thing to wager on his being warmly welcomed by the nation he wishes to trade with.

But not, apparently, if that nation is Britain. You want to buy from us machinery, fabrics, clothing materials, and other things—and you just can't get them.

Reasons—restrictions that make trading impossible. Anyone like yourself, trying to buy goods for export, is at present wasting his time.

As you point out, trade negotiations should start now. Otherwise our factories may face the prospect of five or six months without export markets.

Our Government experts may think your journey not really necessary. I don't. They won't apologise for their lack of vision. I do, on their behalf and on behalf of all who have the welfare of Britain and New Zealand at heart.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Barrow Cadbury, J.P.,

Edgbaston Park-rd., Birmingham

DEAR SIR,—Remand homes for wayward youth are very much in the news. Inquiries behind closed doors are held; people, knowledgeable and otherwise, air their views—hot-air views mostly; and the problem of juvenile delinquency generally gives rise to all sorts of theories and opinions.

While others talk you act—and the way in which you act gladdens my heart.

Through your generosity, Birmingham is to have a new type of remand home where experts, after keeping boys under observation, will report to the magistrates.

Here is a direct and sensible approach to a vexed problem. In the past juvenile courts have been governed, more or less, by a fixed procedure which rarely afforded time or care for individual treatment.

Many of our young "offenders" are more sinned against than sinning—victims of social evils, of bad example, and of parental neglect. They are usually called "bad" boys and girls, whereas, in the main, they are really in need of guidance and sympathetic understanding.

Such guidance cannot be done on mass production lines. Each young person in a remand home is an individual with his or her own causes for wrong-doing.

If, by your kindly action in presenting Birmingham with the home, you engender a new spirit in the treatment of these children, the nation will be eternally your debtor.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. Lewis John Sturge,

Chief Enforcement Officer, Ministry of Food

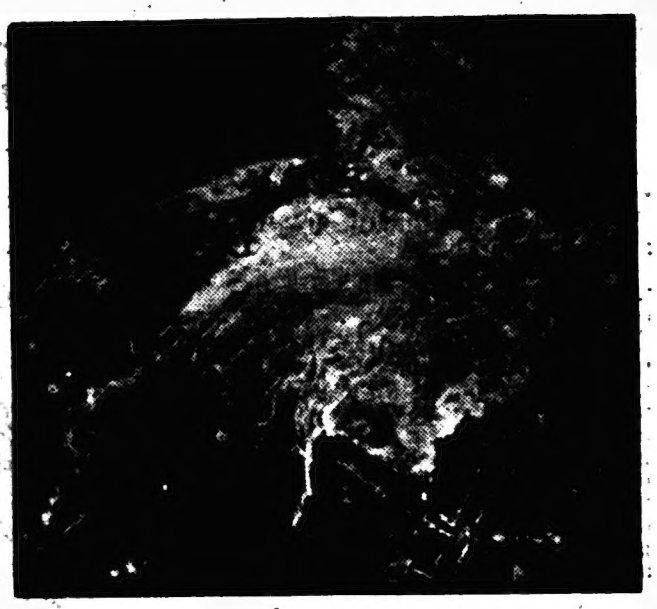
DEAR SIR,—You have just taken on a job which, perhaps more than any other in this country, deserves the widest support and co-operation the nation can give you—Black Market busting.

The reflection that these racketeers are still flourishing, and are operating on an ever increasing scale, is a dismal counter to the inspiring record of Britain's war effort.

But that reflection will serve to spur your "sleuths" on to greater efforts to stamp out the parasites whose activities are an affront to all decent people. Good hunting, and a busy, fruitful 1945!—JOHN BULL.

Though thousands of men were engaged in constructing the "Mulberry ports," our Security officers saw that not a word leaked out—

Then the actual D-Day landings were made possible only because Military Intelligence had uncovered all the secrets of the enemy defences—



Later, to clear the approach to Antwerp, the sea-walls of Walcheren were smashed by the R.A.F.—thanks to a tripper's snapshots

GREAT SECRET SERVICE STORIES OF THE WAR

Continuing his series "Spies—the Facts" DONALD STOKES includes a frontier incident that makes Hollywood inventions look tame

A FEW HOURS AFTER General Eisenhower took over supreme command of the armies of liberation he picked up his radio-phone and gave an order to the liaison committee of the Intelligence Services. He ordered them to collect every scrap of information about the beaches, tides and fortifications of Normandy.

The whole invasion depended on two main essentials. There was the placing in position of the immense prefabricated harbours, without which we could not supply our armies.

Further, knowing in greatest detail the strength of the defences,

In securing both, the scientific approach of the Intelligence Service played a key rôle.

Army men landed and crawled along the beaches between Isigny and Honfleur, taking geological samples to find out where would be most suitable for the landing of heavy equipment.

Charting All Normandy

The Navy officers worked out to the nearest foot the waves that could be expected at any part of the coast, at any time of the day or night, and how that height would fluctuate with changes in the force and direction of the wind.

The French charts showing the depth of the sea-bed off Normandy were checked, and were found to be inaccurate. Men risked their lives quietly taking an exhaustive series of soundings, so that the charts could be corrected and the prefabricated harbours could be set down in just the right position.

Nearly all the resources and men of Military Intelligence, apart from the tactical sections in the Mediterranean, were concentrated on finding out the German defences in Normandy. We were in almost constant touch with organised groups of the underground resistance seventeen hours out of the twenty-four.

We landed officers by parachute to organise the collection of information. Intelligence had to be able to inform the Planning Staff precisely in which meadows the paratroops should be dropped, where the gliders should land, the tank-bearing capacity of every bridge, and how much petrol each garage could store. Major-General Davidson, chief of Military Intelligence, was able to present the Planning Staff with a complete strategic index of Normandy.

Antwerp Diamond Man Helped

On the basis of intelligence reports, a stretch of English countryside was laid out as a copy of the vital "Pegasus Bridge" near Caen, and constant pre-invasion practices were held.

Meanwhile, Intelligence Security officers had one of the biggest secrets of the war to hide. Scores of thousands of workmen had been mobilised to make the "Mulberries," as the ready-made ports were called. The construction sites were on Thames-side, at Southampton, and Portsmouth, and smaller ones were at Leith, Glasgow, Birkenhead, and Hartlepool. One careless word dropped in any one of those places by a worker might have meant ruin for the invasion plans.

German espionage was at this time making its last desperate effort to find out how and when we meant to attack. Besides the spies Germany sent among us, attempts were made to find out by air reconnaissance, but the R.A.F. did not let a single 'plane get through to photograph our secrets.

Once the invasion was successfully launched, the next great test for Intelligence was when Field Marshal Montgomery's men freed Antwerp. It became vitally urgent to clear the approaches to the great port. Every hour counted, for 3,000,000 Allied troops were waiting for supplies.

The stumbling-block was the German-held island of Walcheren, which dominated the approaches to Antwerp. Moreover, rocket bombs and flying bombs were being fired from the island against England.

Naval Intelligence found, in their huge library of ground photographs, a selection of snapshots which had been sent in by an Antwerp diamond-cutter, a refugee in London. They showed him and his family on a day trip to Walcheren. Several had been taken on the thick sea wall, much of which lies below water level.

The refugee was interviewed by Intelligence officers, who were able to find out many useful facts about the buildings in the neighbourhood and the state of the roads. These facts were compared with a low-level reconnaissance pictures by the R.A.F.

A plan was drawn up to smash the sea-walls at a picked spot, just at the moment when the high "Spring" tide was at its height. The five-and-a-half-ton bombs of the R.A.F. fell plumb on the crucial spot and the North Sea did the rest. A great gap was torn in the wall, and the greater part of the island was flooded.

Piano Recital at the Frontier

I have stressed, all through these articles, the scientific aspect of modern Intelligence, which has superseded the hit-or-miss methods of the old-fashioned spy. This does not discredit the useful part played by our agents who have ventured inside Germany to obtain information which could not be obtained by scientific means.

One of these men was bringing back from the Ruhr details of synthetic rubber production, facts which were urgently needed by the Ministry of Economic Warfare. He hit on the idea of translating his data into a code of his own. He had a knowledge of music, and he wrote down a "sonata" which looked quite normal, but in which the musical symbols represented the statistics.

When he reached the frontier of Switzerland the German guards were suspicious. They searched him, and when they found the "music" they demanded why it was hand-written, instead of being printed.

"I am a composer," he explained. "I wrote it myself."

"We'll soon see," said the officer in charge. "Bring in Hans. He can play." The agent felt that his last minutes were ticking away.

In came Hans. "Try to play this," said the officer. Hans tried. There came a discord of notes from the piano.

The officer drew back his lips from his teeth, and was about to rap an order, when Hans cried "Wait!"

Officer Disliked "Modern" Music

He played on, and the piano gave out something resembling a tune, and then repeated it with a few variations. The British agent realised that the various statistics he had noted down by symbol had fallen into rough groups, and by chance had produced a tune.

"I am a modernist," he exclaimed. "This is real music."

The officer shuddered at the jangle of sound which the eager Hans was still hammering, and let the agent go free. The information reached Britain safely, and resulted in a powerful Flying Fortress raid on certain factories in the Ruhr.

NEXT WEEK:

WHEN SECRET CABLES TO ROOSEVELT WENT TO HITLER

Human Machine

THREE GEMS

MOST THINGS HAVE been said. If we are still in doubt about anything, it is not for lack of guidance. It is for lack of willingness to follow the guidance that lies plentifully in our path.

Yet how constantly the wise men of every age urge their fellows to think for themselves!

Long ago Thomas Carlyle said: "How noiseless is thought! No rolling of drums, no tramp of squadrons or immeasurable tumult of baggage-waggons attends its moments; in what obscure and sequestered places may the head be meditating which is one day to be crowned with more than imperial authority; for kings and emperors will be among its ministering servants: it will rule not over, but in all heads, and bend the world to its will."

And long ago, too, a great Italian educationalist, Pestalozzi, wrote: "Thinking leads man to knowledge. He may see and hear, and read and learn whatever he pleases and as much as he pleases: he will never know anything of it except that which he has thought over. . . ."

Not very long ago G. K. Chesterton said: "There is not really any courage at all in attacking hoary or antiquated things, any more than in offering to fight one's grandmother. The really courageous man is he who defies tyrannies young as the morning, and superstitions fresh as the first flowers. The only true thinker is he whose intellect is as free from the future as from the past. He cares as little for what will be as for what has been: *he cares only for what ought to be.*"

Three gems. A guide to proper thought.

Hannen Swaffer Talks

ABOUT PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

WILL LLOYD GEORGE, whose retirement is announced, ever speak in the Lords?

He is more frail than most people realise. Yet, now and then, sparks of the old fire are seen.

When, three months ago, he consented, after pressure by his old friend, Clem Davies, to say a few words at a North Wales meeting called to discuss reconstruction, he began, "We are only on the verge of Germany." Almost trite, though, were the words, the phrase, because of the dramatic pause before the great statesman began, sounded like a portentous utterance.

Will L.-G. Speak Out?

Lloyd George, in his Carnarvonshire retreat, is harbouring fears about the future much more gloomy than those which occasionally worried him late in 1918

Then, he and the other Allied leaders genuinely looked forward to hope of a permanent peace built on a League of Nations.

To-day, his outlook is darkened by a realisation that diplomatic blunders which his liberal mind, had he been younger, might have prevented, are sowing the seeds of future conflicts.

Woodrow Wilson's Fault

Last time, it was not L.G.'s fault. The schoolmaster-like attitude towards everybody which, despite his idealism, was a part of Woodrow Wilson's make-up was chiefly responsible for America's defection.

Lloyd George has himself told me how the President sometimes worried, in Paris, more about "insulting" caricatures that French papers printed than about world-important issues confronting the Big Four.

He has told me, too, how a last-minute attempt to rewrite the Covenant so that America would come in failed because Woodrow Wilson was on bad terms, when Balfour was sent over, with our Embassy in Washington!

Royal Performers

THE TWO PRINCESSES, who annually write and perform in a pantomime staged before their parents and the Court entourage, are, more than they probably know, following a family tradition.

The children of Charles I—the boys who afterwards became Charles II and James II, and Princess Henrietta Maria—frequently acted at Whitehall on Sunday evenings. There was no Lord's Day Observance Society in those days. It was their father who lost his head.

Then, in his childhood, George III used to perform with other members of the family at Leicester House with Quin, the famous actor, and, later, Mrs. Siddons as the coach. It was not for that reason George III lost us the American colonies.

George IV, too, often sang in public!

Britain Warns Churchill

IT WAS ON the morning after Boxing Day that I received from an anonymous Malvern reader a letter printed in the *Daily Telegraph*, a letter in which a man named Sydney Francis had expressed his "disgust" and "disillusionment" because back-bench Labour M.P.s. in the debate on Greece, "disparaged their

AS SEEN BY SALLON

own country, even in the presence and hearing of the enemy."

But already Churchill had admitted, by his sudden flight to Athens, that the back-bench criticism of his attitude towards Greece was right. He was actually in conference, when I got the cutting, with E.L.A.S. leaders whom, three weeks before, he had called "brigands from the mountains."

Nearly too late, the Premier had heard the voice of a Britain that shouted, "We are making war on our friends!"

Airman Makes Good

A WING-COMMANDER'S finest Christmas present, he told me, was a letter from Italy, saying "When you ragged me, at a dinner you gave, about having won the D.F.C., you little thought I should win one one day."

It was from a pilot who, grounded in the Battle of Britain because he had lost his high-flying nerve against terrific odds, had been reheartened by my friend.

Then Leigh-Mallory, whose interest he invoked, gave the boy, really a fine airman, another chance.

Now, at low-flying in Italy, he has proved a hero

The Judge of Character

A BANKER was denouncing, in a London restaurant, "all this Bolshy business" in Greece.

"What they want is the King back, and a dictator," he said. "The King and Metaxas knew how to handle them. They want a strong hand."

The Greek to whom he spoke pretended to evade the subject. He was a Liberal of the Venizelos school, and the talk was getting heated.

"Let's talk of something else," he said. "You are a banker used to judging clients by their faces. Look at that man with two ladies, two tables away, and tell me what you think of him. We may have to do business with each other."

The banker looked—and then said, "He looks a bit weak to me."

The Greek laughed. "That," he replied, "is the King of Greece."

★ **The Rt. Hon. Herbert Stanley Morrison, M.P., celebrates his birthday this week. His present responsibilities are great—but he always has an eye on the future. "After the war," he has said, "we shall have to approach all our economic problems on the basis that the interest of the community comes first."**

WHO WOULD BE PRIME MINISTER if Labour won the coming election? The possibles are few: the probables not more than three. Of those three Mr. Herbert Morrison is one. His chances, I am told, are less than they were three years ago.

That is intelligible. No one can be in office in a Coalition Government without incurring the suspicions of the Simon Pures of his Party.

And when that office happens to be the Home Secretaryship he is doubly vulnerable. The Archangel Gabriel could not fill that position without treading on the toes of all and sundry.

For the Home Secretary is on our doorstep at every turn, poking his nose into our most intimate concerns, our food, our movements, what we eat and what we wear, our shelter from the enemy, even into the scuttle of coal by the hearthstone.

Nothing escapes him, and everything that goes awry in our private lives comes home to him. He is the general villain of the piece. If he happens to do right, of course, that is only what is expected of him. That is what he is paid for.

Morrison was quite aware of the risk of unpopularity he was running when he took on the succession to Sir John Anderson. "I've got a damn fine job," he is reported to have said next day. "I have to do all the things a Socialist hates doing—the hanging and the imprisonment and the internment." And he might have added "the domestic interferences."

But he took the risk not only with his eyes open but with a cheerful heart. He has the temperament that accepts responsibility and does not shirk a fight. Indeed, he rather likes a fight, and as he keeps a cool head and is rarely caught on the wrong foot, he generally comes very well out of it.

Stood Fast

It was so in the battle of 18B. "The Assyrians came down like wolves on the fold," full of holy wrath that he should keep suspects interned without trial.

He stood his ground imperturbably. He refused to transfer to a semi-judicial committee the responsibility which he exercised under the authority of Parliament. If he was wrong it was for Parliament to rebuke him and reverse his decision. That was democracy.

He won. And the clamour had hardly died down when his release

PORTRAITS—No. 7

HERBE

of Mosley brought another storm about his ears.

The same critics who had denounced him for keeping suspects interned without trial now denounced him for releasing the untried Mosley on the score of illness. And, of course, this round went to him also.

But these triumphs, mainly over the dissidents of his own Party, did not add to his popularity. And there were other things, in themselves beneficial, which brought him trouble.

The fire-watching plans he inaugurated subjected him to a good deal of criticism, and his consolidation of the police force and of the fire brigades aroused much irritation.

He has not hesitated to subordinate Party considerations to what he has conceived to be required of him as a public servant.

Thus in 1943 he refused to recognise the Trade Union organising officers of the Fire Brigade Unions. "There's something radically wrong when a Socialist Minister finds himself in complete agreement with the most reactionary employers," said Tom Agar, the General Secretary of the Engineering Technicians.

And on another subject of dispute Aneurin Bevan threw him a characteristic bouquet when he called him "a squalid backstair Tammany Hall politician."

In spite of these amenities from the Left, Morrison's prestige in public and even in Party esteem has risen as the result of his administration at the Home Office.

And if he has sometimes run counter to the dictates of the Party, it is true to say that, during the war, no other Labour leader has, in extra-official speeches, developed so far-reaching a scheme

Reviewing A.R.P. squads, as head of the L.C.C., in 1939

by A. G. GARDINER

BERT MORRISON

The Home Secretary now, as seen by George Whitelaw

of social and economic reconstruction.

If it is the fact, as some of his critics say, that he is "trying to grab the leadership," he is doing so on the plane of ideas.

He is a practical statesman, not a preacher of revolution. He leaves talk of the "barricades" to the intellectuals.

If events should bring him to the Premiership, he would be unique in that office. There have been London-born Prime Ministers before. Disraeli was one of them, and a more unrepresentative Londoner was never in public life.

But Morrison is not merely a Londoner. He is an authentic Cockney. And we have never had a Cockney P.M.

He joyfully proclaims his Cockney origin. When Opposition M.P.s once corrected his pronunciation of the Oxford college "Mag-dal-en" to "Mawdlen," he gaily accepted the rebuke, adding: "You see, I don't come from Oxford. I come from 'Oxton."

He is the Cockney *gamin* in the seats of the mighty. And he is there by the gifts of nature and the qualities of character. London has been his university, and he has learned its lore in a lifetime of service.

Born 57 years ago, the son of a London policeman, he left school at 14 to become first an errand-boy, then a shop assistant. He worked at his books by the midnight oil, studied politics, economics and philosophy, joined the Fabians, the I.L.P., and the National Union of Clerks.

Then, after a turn at the telephone switchboard, he became circulation manager to the *Daily Citizen*. When that died he became part-time secretary of the London Labour Party at £1 a week.

In 1915 he was appointed full secretary; then the real man emerged. Aneurin Bevan's gibe about Tammany Hall had this truth in it: Morrison has a genius for Party organisation.

He captured London for Labour. By 1919 there were Labour majorities on half the Metropolitan borough councils.

Morrison himself became Mayor, not of 'Oxton, but of 'Ackney, and in that capacity was the chief spokesman of the deputation of mayors who went to Gairloch to urge on Lloyd George the necessity of dealing drastically with unemployment.

In a few years Labour was in control of the L.C.C., with Morrison as the power behind the scenes. And it was in the exercise of that power that he revealed his full stature as a civic statesman of vision and probity.

He was no mere caucus "boss." He was loyal to his Party, but his loyalty to London came first. Thanks to him, the high standard of public administration set up by the Progressives has been scrupulously maintained.

And from his will-power and his vision has come the impulse which was changing the face of London when the war came.

He Changed London

London maternity death-rate had been halved. The obsolete municipal hospitals had been modernised. The Fire Brigade had been so transformed that when the blitz came London could save itself.

The war on the slums was being waged with gathering momentum. The great conception of the Green Belt had been put in operation.

The new Waterloo Bridge had come into being. It stands to-day as a symbol of Morrison's obstinacy in a good cause. When Hore-Belisha, as Minister of Transport, refused the L.C.C. the money to rebuild it, Morrison declared: "I will pull it down if I have to do it myself brick by brick." He is a stubborn fellow.

The war brought him from the municipal on to the national stage as Minister of Supply, then as Home Secretary and Minister of Home Security, finally as a member of the War Cabinet.

His rise has been one of the outstanding political events of the war years. It has been amply justified by results.

If Labour respects efficiency, seeks competent leadership, and can forgive the rare and priceless quality of honesty which consists in daring to tell it even unpalatable truths, it will not desert Herbert Morrison.

NEXT WEEK: LADY ASTOR

Gen. McNaughton thinks brains as well as brawn win wars

Your Winning Ideas

Everyman's ideas should be used in peace as in war

IN A ROYAL ORDNANCE factory "somewhere in England" girl workers in the course of a day lift 90,000 cartridge cases in trays each weighing 19 lb. But lifting nearly five tons doesn't tire them. Though the tray weighs 19 lb., a cunning counterbalance weight is arranged so that the actual load a girl lifts is only 1 lb.

Simple and obvious? Perhaps—but no one had thought of it until a young mechanic noticed how the lifting tired the girls and slowed production. He devised the "elbow saver" and thereby saved thousands of man-hours.

In this factory alone suggestions and inventions have averaged twenty-five a week—and one in five has been found practicable and put into operation.

"This is not a war of soldiers alone," General McNaughton said not long ago, "but also of brains, ideas and methods of production." The ordinary man and the ordinary woman have shown they have plenty of brains and practical ideas.

Earlier in the war thousands of posters issued by the Government boldly proclaimed, "Wanted! Ideas and suggestions for winning the war."

Danger Inspires Invention

As a result, scores of thousands of ideas have poured into the Ministry of Supply, which set up a special Inventions Section to deal with them. Each has been considered and put on a file.

About twenty-five in every thousand were of real value and have been adopted.

They have come from every kind of person. When Britain desperately needed 'planes a girl working a seventy-two-hour week saw how her job could be done by a machine. In consequence that part of the 'planes was produced faster and more economically.

A schoolboy sent in a suggestion for enabling tanks to run on snow. It arrived just when a method of modifying tanks for Russia was urgently needed.

Four workmen invented an emergency arc-welding system. They sent in their ideas and were awarded £500. Others received awards for a novel wood-joining device and a method of stopping leaks.

The last five years have shown unmistakably that given encouragement and inspiration the ordinary men and women of Britain are fertile in ideas. Their inspiration has been greatest at moments of peril. About 7,000 ideas went to the Ministry of Supply alone immediately after Dunkirk. There was another "peak" during the blitz, and it is worth noting how many of the ideas for beating firebombs, detecting buried casualties, and so on, came from the man-in-the-street.

Few of these ideas have been inspired simply by the desire to make money. Awards in many cases have come as a pleasant surprise and the new condition that the Ministry of Supply could give up to £1,000 without reference has been helpful.

With the passing of "imminent danger" and the approach of peace, we must not sacrifice this inventiveness.

The ordinary man may get an idea that revolutionises an industry only once in a century. But he gets scores of ideas that make for greater efficiency or economy every year.

Some large undertakings already have an enlightened policy of encouraging ideas and inventions.

Good Example from U.S.

The Post Office, for instance, has encouraged ideas since 1906, and its policy has paid handsomely. Employees have submitted 120,000 ideas in those thirty-eight years. Every one accepted has been paid for, and in addition "encouragement awards" have been given.

The railways encourage employees and have had the benefit of thousands of good ideas. The L.M.S., for instance, has had 2,500 ideas during the war and all adopted have brought rewards.

Typical ideas adopted include using waste carbide from lamps for whitewash, soldering small "feet" to lamps to save wear, and adapting worn tyres for knee-pads.

In the U.S.A., Mr. Conway Coe, Patent Commissioner, said not long ago that "the merits of inventions and suggestions so far received had far exceeded expectations." Congress recently authorised the Department of the Interior to spend up to £5,000 a year in encouraging employees to produce inventions and ideas for improving the home-front service.

The first awards were recently announced. Out of 1,000 inventions and ideas, 223 were adopted and awards made totalling about £1,500. The ideas ranged from a messenger's method of improving his job to save £300 a year to an electronic chronoscope capable of measuring a millionth of second. Women figured largely in the "prize" lists.

We might consider a similar scheme for making our own Civil Service more efficient. Cash awards and promotion may be inducements, but from what I have seen the really important thing is the certain knowledge that every idea will get fair consideration.

"No good idea should be missed" is a slogan we need in peace as much as in war. J. M. MICHAELSON.

The Seven Crises of Hercules Smith

HERCULES SMITH and the FLAMING TERROR

Not so long ago London burned. Night after night ordinary people went to the cinema and sometimes ordinary people discovered that they were heroes . . . !

by

HARRY HEARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY SHOWELL

HIS OWN FOOTSTEPS were Hercules Smith's only company as he walked across the dark, empty shop, and the hollow sound of them increased his loneliness.

He switched on a low-powered bulb, and went through the door leading to the staircase of the flat above. Perhaps Mrs. Jenkins and Emily would be back from the pictures, and maybe John had come in with them.

But the upper floor was in darkness, and Hercules mooched down the stairs again. He felt washed up and ready to curse firewatching.

May 9, 1941. Sheila's eleventh birthday.

Hercules looked around him distastefully, seeing the shop bookshelves as cold and lifeless things against a background of the warmth and fun of the party at home.

They had all been there. Joan and himself; John, now turned seventeen and waiting to be called into the Army; Bill, fourteen years old, home from school for the day, and already reflecting his father's stockiness; and Sheila, proudly celebrating her arrival at the mature age of eleven.

John had left a little early, having promised to take Mrs. Jenkins and Emily to the pictures, and when Hercules himself had reluctantly collected his hat and coat, Joan had urged him to send the boy home as soon as he got back to the shop.

"You know how I worry if he's out late," she said. "Oh! And I nearly forgot!" She ran back into the house and returned with a note. "Be an angel and give this to Mrs. Jenkins, dear. It's a note from Sheila thanking them for her birthday present, and I've enclosed an invitation to them to come to dinner and spend the night with us to-morrow."

Recalling this, Hercules switched off the light and opened the shop door to look out. It was already dark and he began to worry. They ought to be out of the pictures by now.

As he stood at the door, peering up the street, the sudden moaning surge of the sirens took possession of the night.

Twinkling bursts of shells began to span the arch of sky visible above the roofs, and as Hercules instinctively shrank back, fumbling behind him for the handle of the shop door, the whole sky came alive with the streaming flares of cascade after cascade of incendiary bombs.

Hercules ducked inside, and forced himself, trembling, up the stairs, past the flat, and through the laddered trapdoor which gave on to the roof.

By the time he reached it, great gouts of fire were already staining the sky with their reflections and throwing the close-packed silhouettes of buildings into black relief.

A hissing whine overhead made him drop back through the roof opening, letting the trapdoor fall into place with a clatter. A moment later, shivering in darkness on the ladder, he heard a cascade of sharp explosions. "That's a whole damn canister full," he told himself, and cautiously opened the trap.

He pushed it wider, and got out.

Hercules would never quite forget that vigil on the roof. The raid went on. . . . and on, and on . . . the ceaseless throb-throb of German bombers pressing down on him with almost physical weight . . . the attack drifting visibly towards him across the miles of roofs, and then receding again . . . and all the time the underlying worry about John's safety.

Apart from that, Hercules was physically afraid. Very much afraid. Several times he felt near to panic, and once, in order to get a grip on himself, he went down into the shop and began rearranging the books on the shelves.

It was while he was doing this that the H.E. came down. The next moment he was picking himself up from the floor. His brain registered that the black-out had been blown down.

Instinctively he ran to the switch and put out the light. He was coughing from the dust in his throat, and he picked his way among the books to the door, and out on to the pavement.

One old building had partly collapsed in his street, and was showing little flickers of fire here and there. Nobody seemed to be attending to them.

As he stood uncertainly on the pavement, Hercules sensed the absence of something . . . something missing. . . .

THEN HE REALISED what it was. Overhead there was silence. The throb-throb of the bombers had ceased. In the distance he could hear the thudding of anti-aircraft guns growing fainter.

Hercules found himself running towards the collapsed building. There was a bucket of water on a step, and he picked it up as he passed, slopping it over his trousers and feet. What was left served only to douse one of several brightly burning piles of rubbish.

Standing irresolute beside the wreckage, he became aware of an insistent thin shouting somewhere—somewhere down below. He glanced downwards quickly, and noticed an iron hand-rail protruding from a mound of rubble and

Somewhere a flame leapt up and lit their faces, and Hercules let out a strange little cry, grasping the woman's shoulder.

broken timber, and suddenly remembered that the old building had one of those basement rooms to which you descended by stone steps from the pavement.

But no one lived there now, he reminded himself persuasively.

Hercules stepped awkwardly over the splintered wood and broken bricks and bent down towards the railing. Yes, the voice was clearer now. It sounded like a woman's.

Hercules suddenly jumped backwards. A tongue of flame had leapt out and singed his coat. He slapped at the place and retreated farther. The thin, persistent calling went on.

"Oh, God!" Hercules muttered. "This won't do. Where are the rescue people?" He looked wildly around him, but the only men in sight were tiny with distance—busy among wreckage far down the road.

Strangely, he felt Joan's arms around his shoulders again, and heard her imploring voice as he left the house: *"Don't run unnecessary risks, dear, will you? I don't know what I should do if—if anything happened."*

And he had promised her, too, hadn't he, to find John? Yes, of course, he told himself, he must go to the cinema and see if he could find out. . . . Slowly he turned his back on the wreckage. . . .

The thin voice went on behind him, calling with a note of terrified urgency that made Hercules feel faint.

Hercules' shoulders sagged. "It's no good, darling," he groaned. "I've got to do something. There's nobody else. . . ."

The smouldering beams of wood scattered sparks as Hercules heaved and pulled them out of his way before going down on his knees to scrabble débris from the top of the basement steps like a little tubby dog at a rabbit-hole.

He cleared a small opening, and let his feet down into it, and tried not to choke with the wreathing smoke as he lowered himself slowly down the steps.

OF COURSE, HE HAD DROPPED his torch somewhere. He thought of going back for it, then laughed bitterly and groped his way down. When he reached the bottom he fumbled for the latch of the door, found it, heaved and pushed at it, and at last had it part-way open.

"Who's there?" called Hercules.

There was a cry of relief somewhere near him in the darkness, and a figure blundered into him. It was a woman, and she was sobbing hysterically. "Get me out! Get me out!" she kept on saying jerkily.

"Now don't worry," said Hercules, fighting down an echoing hysteria in himself. "Everything's all right. Are there any more of you?"

"Yes, yes. My daughter. And there's a boy farther back. The wall knocked him down."

"Hang on to me," Hercules told her urgently. "And tell your daughter to keep hold of you."

He felt a hand grip his coat tail, and began to drag his way slowly up the steps, coughing at every exertion. The partly blocked hole above him was red with the colour of fire, and as he came up, step by step, the heat grew worse.

Now his head was above ground level, his nostrils choked with the stink of burning, and his eyes dry and aching from the fiery heat of the surrounding flames.

With a final effort he dragged the woman and her daughter clear and pushed them clumsily across the débris to an open piece of pavement, where they leaned panting against a wall. Somewhere a flame leapt up and lit their faces, and Hercules let out a

nge little cry, grasping the woman's ulder.

Mrs. Jenkins!" he cried unsteadily. rs. Jenkins! It's me! Where's John? s he with you——?"

E STARED AT HIM wildly, then cried ut and pointed towards the basement os. "John's down there," she whimed. "We were coming home . . . the bombs came down all round . . . we down the steps . . . we couldn't get "

ut Hercules had broken free of her d and was clambering towards the es again.

ercules heard an unsteady voice call- as he reached the basement door for second time, and he drew a quick, ing breath of relief. "It's all right," croaked. "It's all right, John. I'm e." And he heard a stumbling, and a hand clutch him.

That you, Dad? How did you get —? Never mind that. Emily, and Mrs. nkins. They were——"

It's all right," said Hercules. "They're of it."

I can't walk properly, dad."

Hang on to me, old chap."

nd once again Hercules began to pull nself up the steps.

The smoke at the top was acrid now. d the flames sulky from water. As e little man hauled and dragged his after him, the contents of a badly ned bucket drenched them.

"Thank God for that!" gulped Herles.

And he crawled out into the open, lling John behind him, to find a crowd nging water on the burning wreckage, d first-aid men attending to the two men on the pavement.

"Everything will be all right now," id Hercules—and sat down suddenly a mound of rubble.

OAN HAD FLUNG herself on Hercules and John when they clambered out of e official car which brought them me.

"There, there, my darling. Everying's all right now," he said soothingly. Except," he added dryly, "that we're th badly in need of a bath."

Apart from shock and strain, indeed, one of them had been seriously hurt, nd the production of brandy by one of e neighbours, combined with the art-lifting note of the All Clear, had rought them back to solid earth.

They had left Mrs. Jenkins and Emily the flat, which was little damaged. ut not before Hercules, with a happy hought, had remembered the note Joan nd given him. He found it, and elivered it.

"And as soon as you've rested and leaned yourselves up," he told them, you must come along to us. I'll tell y wife to expect you for meals.

The Civil Defence people had brought ercules and John home, and Joan had llowed them around as if nervous of tting them out of her sight.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed ow, watching Hercules dress after his ath, and listening to a disjointed ccount of the night's happenings.

"And you didn't know it was Mrs. enkins and Emily, then?" she said.

"Hadn't the faintest idea."

"You mean," said Joan slowly, "you ust crawled into that awful place without knowing who was in it?"

"Well, dash it all," said Hercules over is shoulder, "I couldn't very well leave hem there to be burned alive, could I, ow?"

"N—no," said Joan thoughtfully. "No, f course you couldn't, dear." And as he watched her husband carefully rushing his thinning hair to cover the ncroaching patch of baldness, her eyes held a gentle wonder. "Why, you old illy," she whispered, getting to her feet, I do believe you're a hero."

These books make news

"Read It for Your Child's Sake"

Roosevelt sent a copy of a young lawyer's book to Churchill—expounding ideas on "What to Do with Germany." It is one of the most important books of the war

By VINCENT BROME

A SHORT 170-PAGE BOOK, written by a young and almost unknown lawyer, Louis Nizer, has taken America by storm. Vice-President Harry S. Truman and ex-Vice-President Henry A. Wallace persuaded President Roosevelt to read it. The President then sent it to Mr. Churchill.

Meanwhile, somebody handed a copy to Walter Winchell, the famous American columnist. He scrapped his Broadway column for the next issue and wrote a review, which ended: "This book is a final proof that the pen is mightier than the sword. Read it for your child's sake. It can help prevent another war."

Viscount Maugham has written an introduction to the English version of *What to Do with Germany*, now published by Hamish Hamilton at 7s. 6d., and he is far more cautious in his comments. I, too, have read the book carefully, and if it doesn't call for quite such high acclaim as Mr. Winchell's, it is certainly one of the most important books to come out of this war, and one that everyone should read—now.

Apart from the obvious fields of disarmament and occupation, there are three specially interesting chapters. The first reveals some astonishing facts:

"Thus we find that important secrets concerning the production of synthetic rubber were revealed by American concerns to Nazi Germany, although they were concealed from the U.S. Navy Department. . . . As late as Pearl Harbour, royalties on aviation petrol sold to the R.A.F. were put aside to be paid to I. G. Farben (the giant German combine) after the war. . . ."

They Wriggled Out in 1919

This was the indirect result of world-wide business organisation, directed from Germany, so that the rights of one patent after another were successfully cornered by Germany's industrial combines.

In fact, long before any signs of actual war were apparent, Germany was getting a stranglehold over things like Perspex, a material with magical qualities, the remarkable rare metal known as beryllium, and a dozen other specialised products.

Mr. Nizer has a proposal here. His plan—international control of German economy—is excellent. There must be no such things as private agreements between two business men, one of them German, about a patent likely to affect the course of a modern war.

The second of the three chapters deals with re-education, and here Mr. Nizer reveals some shattering things about the evasions which were practised by the Germans after the last war.

Section 148 of the constitution of the Weimar Republic insisted that teachers must spread . . . "above all . . . the spirit of international reconciliation." According to Samuel Laing, quoted by Mr. Nizer, the Prussian teachers would comment about section 148 . . . "This is a very nice ideal. . . . As long, however, as French coloured troops are quartered on our German Rhine, we cannot even talk about international reconciliation."

How to Use the Cinema

Again Louis Nizer has an interesting answer. He suggests creating an International University in Switzerland, with the power to accept, reject or revise all texts for German school-books. If necessary, scholars would be commissioned to write them, and the same type of text-book, which would not emphasise military triumphs, might be used by the whole world.

The German student, first taught with these text-books, would then be encouraged to study the distorted works produced by Hitler's so-called historians. This would show him what real discrimination means, and should develop in him a healthy scepticism towards German-prepared text-books.

The International University would set out to teach democracy, not as a political instrument, but as an outlook—the absolute right of men to say who shall govern them.

In the end, the world's most brilliant teachers would break down the whole gaudy edifice of Nazi education and replace it entirely. A special Teacher's Training School attached to the International University might eventually return German students to become teachers in their own country.

Nizer next calls in something far more alive and vigorous than teachers and text-books to bring about the renaissance of German Liberalism—the cinema.

"The greatest writers, producers and stars would, under the segis of the International University, dramatise the fathomless wickedness of Nazism and the beauty and simplicity of a Germany no longer preoccupied with shooting, marching, shooting, and marching home—defeated. . . ."

While all this was going forward, schools, communities and cities would elect their local leaders by democratic means as a gradual preparation for taking over their own country again. But even on this lower level it would be vital to make certain that democratic methods were not employed to elect Fascist leaders.

The last chapter of *What to Do with Germany* has a broader application. It applies to you and me, to Britain, Russia and America, as well as Germany.

Germany Must Catch Up

It shows very clearly how man has already passed through three stages of development. In the beginning, tribe fought tribe, then clan fought clan. Each time the smaller unit was absorbed in a larger in the interests of peace and prosperity. When the clans and counties cohered into nations, there was still war between nations. To-day we have come a long way since the family-versus-family battles, and we are on the brink of the biggest step of all.

"What cries out for understanding is that modern technology and business organisation have woven humanity into a community. Man's political organisation still lags behind."

Germany, most of all, has lagged behind and held the rest of the world back. We must bring her into line with the sweeping tide which is carrying man to an international goal where "the warmth of the sun, the wheat from the field, and joy of family and comradeship belong to all.

"In sharing them they are preserved for all of us."

President Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill looked happy after agreeing on the Atlantic Charter. Most of us would be happier if they now agreed on what to do with Germany after victory has been won

"We didn't come anywhere in the two-thirty either"

Free Speech

Will Servicemen Come Back to Fight?

This page is for your opinions. Speak out—say what you like from JOHN BULL'S Free Speech Platform

A NUMBER OF SERVICEMEN attended a lecture on the Government's plans for compulsory pre-release education and vocational training courses after demobilisation. One group were enthusiastic, vowing to take all the chances offered; a second group were the usual "don't-care-either-way"; the third group—all trade unionists—were completely hostile to the schemes. They swore to oppose the entry of any Government-trainees into their unions, and considered the whole thing a conspiracy to flood their trades with cheap labour. Before the discussion ended, feeling was high.

Was this a glimpse of things to come? Comrades in war, rivals in peace denying each other the right to live?—L./C. R. MILLWARD, c/o 64, Reddings Lane, Tyseley, Birmingham 11.

Milk and Water

DOES THE MOTHER of the small girl who disliked her school milk because it was dirty know that in many country schools the teachers have no means of getting hot water? They have to do their best with cold. Parents should stir up the local authorities. And, in the meantime, they could wash the kiddies' milk mugs at home.—JANE CUTHBERTSON, Edinburgh

Skilled Idleness

I AM A MASTER BUILDER and am very tired of reading about the housing shortage. Labour is the chief excuse given. In my little area I could muster between two and three hundred skilled men who are doing nothing but a few odd property repairs.

I myself am compelled to sit at home doing nothing, and my income for the past five years has not averaged £1 a week. This, despite the fact that I have carried out pre-war housing schemes and can, if necessary, take my coat off and use a trowel with anyone. Give us the chance and we will show the country we can build the houses.—J. WILDMAN, Builder and Contractor, 19, Mansfield Road, Heanor, Derbyshire.

Fighting Fare

OUR MAIN COMPLAINT IS FOOD, and has been for a fairly long time. Not quality, but quantity. . . . A chap in our tent got some malted milk tablets in his parcel. They are popular, as they help to relieve the pangs of hunger, but it's something to get your teeth into that's wanted. . . . Last night I ate a tin of meat paste by itself. No bread or anything like that. What we get is well cooked, but, please, please—can't we have more bread? — 1288117 (L.A.C.) FOWLES, L., D.A.F., C.M.F. (Extracts from three letters.)

Wounded, Separated

IT'S SCARCELY credible that there are still military hospitals in this country which forbid their sick and wounded men to receive visitors except on two specified days in the week. "Unfortunate" is the word used by the authorities in cases where it is impossible for parents, wives or sweethearts to travel long distances on the two visiting days. "Unfortunate"—what a word!—MISS J. W., Lancs.

Newly Trained at Sixty

LEFT WITH ONLY one leg after the last war I always felt cut off from ordinary jobs. Light work was never easy to get. Then, about eighteen months ago, I read about a new training centre for the disabled which had opened near Durham. The employment exchange accepted me and I took a six months' course in gardening.

I've now had a regular job for three months. I shall be sixty this month and I am feeling fitter than I've done for years. I'd like the boys who come back disabled in this war to know of my experience.—GEORGE CARRS, 17, Tunstall Vale, Sunderland.

She Always Turns Up

IN MY DISTRICT, a girl comes regularly with her Red Cross box for contributions even in the worst of weather, when we are sitting cosily at our fireside. She always turns up. She's been doing the job after her day's normal work ever since the war began. We look forward to her cheery smile. Perhaps she, and others like her, would be grateful to know how their work is appreciated.—MRS. J. HARRIS, 190, Butterbiggins Road, Glasgow, S.2.

Coughs and Sneezes

DR. GREVILLE PARK suggests that paper hankies are essential in combating a head cold. They are practically unobtainable. This is ridiculous when our bookstalls are crammed with cheap books, which only spread disease in young minds.—W. S. S. ROBERTS, 1, Lancresse, Bugle, Cornwall.

Post-War Debits

CONVERSATIONS WITH an income tax collector gave me a shock the other day. "Post-war credits?" he said. "The Government will fix them all right. All they've got to do is to keep the 10s. in the £ rate on for a year more than they need, and they've collected enough to pay off all your credits." Surely, my leg was being pulled? Or was it?—J. SWIFT, Church Street, Bawtry, Yorkshire.

Bookless after Black-Out

WHEN I FINISH my war job it's black-out and the public library is closed. I am denied the chance of borrowing books I help to provide. As the librarian and assistants are paid through the rates, it follows that I am in some way contributing to a privileged class who, admittedly carrying out orders, deny me the books I want by closing the doors before I can reach the library.—A. R., Sheffield.

W.E.A. versus N.C.L.C.

I NOTE WITH GRAVE concern the publicity that JOHN BULL has given to the Workers' Educational Association in recent issues. The workers' movement must appreciate that the W.E.A. is a State-subsidised organisation, and therefore cannot conceivably "preach the gospel" against the capitalist state which finances it.

The workers must look elsewhere for education for their social and industrial emancipation. They must look to the only independent educational organisation—the National Council of Labour Colleges.—W. T. CHAMBERLAIN, Hon. Secretary, Neath Labour College, S. Wales.

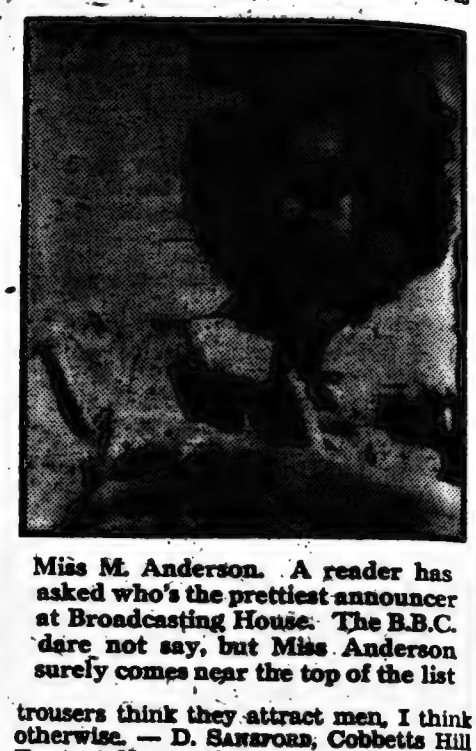
Co-respondent Does Not Pay

EIGHTEEN months ago I was obliged to give up my home in order to comply with the divorce laws of this country. I was in the Army and the co-respondent lived in property of which I was the rightful tenant.

I was granted a divorce in due course, with custody of the children and costs against the co-respondent. But he has not paid and the law does nothing about it. Yet, in effect, the law had permitted him to live rent free for months. There are times when the law as it stands aids, encourages and supports liars and thieves.—VICTIM, Southern England.

Anti-Slacker

I THINK THAT WOMEN who wear slacks look terrible. They are a necessity for munition workers and the like, but not for "off-duty." It would be excusable if women's legs were as ugly as men's, but most women have shapely legs—for instance, Eleanor Powell. If women in trousers think they attract men, I think otherwise. — D. SANSFORD, Cobbetts Hill Farm, Normandy, near Guildford, Surrey.



Miss M. Anderson. A reader has asked who's the prettiest announcer at Broadcasting House. The B.B.C. dare not say, but Miss Anderson surely comes near the top of the list

B.B.C. Pin-Up Girl

THE WOMEN ON THE General Forces Programme mean a lot to us chaps. I can't express it very well, but to hear a nice English girl's voice reminds you of all you want to get back to most. The lady announcers are calm and dignified—just how every man wants his one wife or sweetheart to be. Incidentally, I have a hunch who is the prettiest at the B.B.C. Could you ask them, and let us have a picture in the paper? I'm pretty certain I shall win a nice little bet if you will.—SAPPER J. O'NEIL, B.L.A.

Carry On, Ladies

YOUR BARROW-IN-FURNESS correspondent shows a most childish jealousy in her concern about Joan Griffiths, the B.B.C. announcer. Does this reader not realise that to our men overseas the voice of an Englishwoman is a link with home? Our fighting men deserve whatever enjoyment they get from the wireless. So carry on, lady announcers.—THOMAS A. JOHNSTON, 46, Greenwood Lane, Wallasey, Cheshire.

No Rent So Far

MY AUNT'S HOUSE was requisitioned four months ago and she has not yet received any rent. The council has not even agreed the amount of compensation payable. The surveyor, acting on her behalf, has filled in forms, written and telephoned. All without result.

My aunt is over eighty and is living in a nursing home. The rent is her only source of income. The council is collecting rent regularly from the tenant in her house. Isn't that an example of one-way hustle?—C. A., London, W.C.2.

Thanks to Trunks

JUDGING FROM PERSONAL experience during the busy months since D-Day, I think the London Long Distance Telephone Exchange deserves a word of praise.

As a private subscriber having to put through long-distance calls, I have found the operators courteous and patient at all times and, like the mail, the calls go through. While holding on overheard remarks from other callers made to the exchange suggest that the competent ladies at the switchboard must have the tempers and manners of angels.—MISS M. OLDHAM, Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

"I put in for the Navy too, but my papers must have got mixed."

ONE GUINEA will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published each week. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.

THE SECRET OF SPUD ISLAND

Outside Russia, only one place in the world has a rising birth-rate among white people. Either in the rich soil or fine city streets of Prince Edward Island lies the key to national survival that a Royal Commission is seeking

by
EVERETT LAWSON

THIS ISLAND COULD be dropped in the North Sea and no one would notice. The world at large has never heard its name. There are people living in its remote corners who only dimly know about the war.

Yet Prince Edward Island is destined to become the centre of world attention in the very near future, because somewhere within its small span lies the answer to a question which threatens the very life of the white peoples of the world.

Prince Edward Island is set in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In the full glory of a summer day it is a very lovely place, but neither its situation nor its loveliness has much significance beside another and all-important factor.

Apart from Russia, Prince Edward Island is the only remaining place in the world where the white birth-rate is increasing.

Tip to the Experts

As I write this the members of a Royal Commission are probing deeply into all the intricacies of the birth-rate problem.

It is one of the most complex in the world. They are delving into economics, fertility, and biology. Supposing, instead, the Royal Commission took ship to Prince Edward Island and remained in residence there for six months.

In place of figures and theories they would be dealing with facts. Here they can observe and record the very thing they want to bring about—an increasing population.

Throughout Europe, Britain, and America the white population is beginning to run down. It has been going on in Britain for sixty years.

In the last war the *lowest* birth-rate recorded was 17.7 per thousand people in 1918. In this war, so far, the *highest* rate recorded is 15.8 per thousand.

If the decline in the birth-rate continues to accelerate at its present pace there will be only four and a half million people left in Britain 100 years from now. Among every 100 of those 4,500,000 no fewer than fifty-eight would be old, retired people, and only three would be children.

What freak of nature is responsible for the increase in the small Prince Edward Island?

I have gone deeply into the question and found some interesting answers.

In the first place, the people of Prince Edward Island lead a natural existence close to the sea and soil, tilling and fishing.

The outdoor life gives their children the prospect of a healthy, vigorous seventy years, untouched by any of the modern scourges which attack the industrialised areas of the world. Not that the islanders are peasants living in a backwoods.

Silver Fox Farmer

On the contrary, Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island, is a modern city with some of its spotless streets laid out by British engineers. They do not lag behind on Prince Edward Island. They have merely found a better adjustment between town and country living.

Take the life of Jack Seltin, who now lives up in the north of the island, but originally came from a village near Charlottetown. In Charlottetown he went into the fur-farming business and did well with silver foxes.

Then he decided that he preferred the open-air life, and moved up to the north.

There he bought a boat, and to-day spends a large part of his time fishing. This may read like just another success story, but when you look more closely at the details you find a remarkable difference.

For instance, Jock has seven children. Now Jock originally came from hardy Scottish stock, but if you took his counterpart in the north of England to-day, and gave him the same business success, it would be very unusual for him to raise a family of as many as seven children.

Happiness for All

Why does one man, coming from the same stock, have seven children in one country and not in another?

The first broad answer seems to be the healthy open-air life, but that is only the beginning.

There are at least three other very important factors.

First, the ravages of war have never directly attacked Prince Edward Island and any child born has a reasonable chance of realising the normal human span without becoming involved in such catastrophes.

In the second place, when a child grows up on Prince Edward Island it can always get a job.

In fact, the unemployment figures are particularly interesting. There were only 3 per cent. of the population unemployed in the year 1937 on Prince Edward Island, while many European countries had anything up to 12 per cent. unemployed.

The third answer concerns food and housing.

There is no acute housing problem on the island and food is plentiful. So we get, on Prince Edward Island, a secure and healthy background, a job to do, good food and adequate housing. It all means that children stand an excellent chance of realising a full and happy life. In Jock's case it meant seven children.

But this by no means solves the mystery. There is another big factor hidden behind the scenes, and this time it is closely related to research now going on in this country.

There is a theory that vitamin E in the food we eat may bear a direct relation to our fertility—the potential number of children women can bear.

Bumper Crops

In this country we use artificial fertilisers extensively to enrich the soil, and it has been argued that this eventually reduces the vitamin content of the crops we grow.

In Prince Edward Island they have never resorted to artificial fertilisers. Instead they go to their bays and inlets and bring up from the bottom the rich mussel mud.

This is spread evenly throughout the fields, and the crops that result are something to wonder at. It is difficult to say definitely, on such broad evidence, that the mussel mud produces a high vitamin E content in the food of Prince Edward Island, but if it can be established here is something of moment to the future of mankind.

The Canadians have a nickname for Prince Edward Island. They call it Spud Island because of the wonderful potato crops produced.

Whatever you call the island, one thing remains certain—its birth-rate secrets need immediate attention from our experts

Named after the Duke of Kent in 1799, Prince Edward Island is Canada's oldest province. In its capital are these pleasant old Legislative Buildings—

while on Cavendish Beach, in the island's National Park, sun-bathing provides healthy relaxation from healthy work. Rich mussel mud is obtained from near-by bay to raise wonderful agricultural crops which may themselves contribute to the increasing birth-rate there

Your New Life

Tomorrow's Kitchen

IF MUNICIPAL ENGINEERS with vision have their way there will be no dustbins in future.

In practice, you will throw all your "dry" refuse into a built-in chute, which will include an automatic crushing apparatus. The chute will be connected, via an automatic air-lock to pneumatic mains which, running beneath the roads, will all converge on the processing plant, to which the refuse will be sucked by powerful machinery.

Your "wet" refuse—food leavings and so on—will go through an automatic grinder which will reduce it to liquid form and pass it into the existing sewerage system.

The dry refuse process will probably be confined, at first to newly built townships. The cost of digging up roads in existing towns to lay pneumatic mains would be a heavy charge on the rates.

The "wet" refuse grinders could, however, be fitted in any home.

H. H.

Your Good Health

In the Ear

ABOUT AN INCH down the earhole is closed off by the eardrum.

Beyond that is a tiny space called the middle ear, from which a narrow tube, called the eustachian tube, runs to the back of the nose. The idea is for air to be able to get at both sides of the eardrum, to keep the pressure equal.

So catarrh, which gums up the tube, can cause pressure earache. If you look at the drum with a suitable light you can see it is pushed in. If a child has adenoids, blocking up the inner end of the tube, deafness and pain start for the same reason.

But germs from colds and sore throats can get up the tube and start inflammation. Acute earache is usually due to an inflamed drum, and doctors often cure it with M & B drugs. Much worse if an abscess forms in the middle ear, bulging the drum out. This needs lancing quickly.

The middle ear also communicates with hollows in the mastoid bone behind the ear, and if pus finds its way into this the mastoid gets painful and tender, and an immediate operation is needed.

Less serious things may cause earache. Insects down the hole, for instance—or much more often, boils in the hole. These are tiny, but intensely painful, and apt to come in crops. Only very careful local treatment will stop them.

You can't tell the cause of an earache without an examination of the ear. It is very often serious, so never neglect it, but always get a doctor to examine it.

"I AM A REFINED, middle-class young gentleman who has always been able to live without working. If I were to lose my money I should not know what to do. Something unforeseen may happen after the war to deprive me of my income, and as I do not want to end my days in a poor-house, I am wondering what I ought to do to make myself secure for the future. I have also to look forward to the time when I shall be too old to work."

I should not have much self-respect if I did nothing to pay my way in the world. Why should other people work to keep you alive? A gentleman has been defined as one who contributes to the common pool more than he takes out.

I advise you to think out what sort of work you are interested in and most fitted to do and to seek a job in that line. You will then discover your real value to the community. I can't recommend a specific trade without knowing where your abilities lie.

"MY NIECE ALWAYS spoke in a normal, natural way until she left school and went into business. Then she suddenly acquired a most extraordinary accent which she considers lady-like and refined.

"When I asked her what kind of work she was doing, she said 'taperating.' She meant typewriting. I can't help poking mild fun at her, but her parents are annoyed with me and say that she can't get on unless she speaks with an educated accent. They seem to think that if the girl talks about 'the butchah, the bakah, and the kendlestick-makah' she is scaling the social laddah!"

This "refaned" accent is not King's English, and very few people talk in that ridiculous manner to-day. It is probable that there is someone in your niece's office who speaks like that, and she imagines it is "high-class." It isn't, and normal people will merely think her affected and silly.

It is true, however, that accent varies with social caste as well as with district. The important thing is to speak clearly and naturally. If your niece wishes to cure a pronounced accent she should take properly planned elocution lessons, not try to imitate someone who speaks in an affected, incorrect way.

"PLEASE COULD YOU inform me as to the best way to learn a foreign language. I have not time to attend classes at night school. My sister and I want to learn French and Dutch. Would it be advisable to study together or to do it separately?"

You can study at home when it suits you best from Hugo's language courses or the "Teach Yourself" series of books, both of which are still usually available from booksellers. It is also possible to buy gramophone records of lessons. Another plan would be to take personal lessons from a teacher or from a French or Dutch refugee who is in this country. An advertisement in a local paper would probably put you in touch with someone, and lesson times could be arranged to suit you. The B.B.C. broadcasts in many foreign languages, and these broadcasts are a great help when you have passed the beginner's stage. I should advise you and your sister to study together, then you will be able to practise what you have learnt with each other.

"I AM A WORKING-CLASS housewife with a daughter at a High School. During the war I have been employed as a temporary Civil Servant. When peace comes I shall settle down to domestic duties again. But I don't want to rusticate and get cut off from the affairs of daily life."

You can keep in touch with current affairs by reading the daily and weekly papers. As to books—read the book reviews, listen to broadcast talks on new books, and make a list of those that sound promising. Go to the public library and have a chat with the librarian. If you live in a place with no public library, many of the well-known commercial libraries will post books to subscribers.

Their Time Will Count

L. Y., Knaresborough, and others: It has been decided that soldiers who were temporarily released for the purpose of returning to the Fire Service and were subsequently recalled to the Army will have that period in the Fire Service (whilst on the Reserve) counted as war service for the purpose of release from the Armed Forces after the defeat of Germany.

W. J., Falmouth: Periods of incapacity for work which occur within twelve months of each other are linked up and treated as continuous illness. For the first twenty-six weeks of such continuous illness sickness benefit is payable, after which disablement benefit is paid. No sickness or disablement benefit is admissible in any benefit year if less than thirty-six contributions have been paid or credited for the contribution year governing the benefit year.

V. P., Uttoxeter: The National Service Officer has power under Regulation 58A of the Defence (General) Regulations to direct your daughter into employment either in her home district or elsewhere. If such a direction is issued, we suggest that she appeals to the local Appeal Board and bases her appeal on medical grounds. It would be advisable for her to submit a medical certificate in support of her statements.

A. D., Dewsbury: At present, it is impossible to obtain repayment of Post-War Credits. After the cessation of hostilities Parliament will fix a date on which they can be withdrawn. It appears probable that repayment will be dealt with by reference to the records in the office of the Inspector of Taxes, and we do not think that you will lose your repayment merely because you cannot produce your certificate.

"John Bull" Inquiry Bureau Conducted by "Humanist"

HE MUST WORK HIS PASSAGE

Girl whose voice makes people squirm. You can learn languages at home. Housewives need not pass life by

Service

SEND YOUR PERSONAL or other problems (except medical) to the JOHN BULL Inquiry Bureau, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, which answers countless queries by post. Stamped, addressed envelope, please.

Grants to ex-Servicemen and dependants are made by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund (registered under the War Charities Act, 1940), Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FIRST a BOMB—then £250 BOMBSHELL!

EVER heard of a bomb with £250 attached? Here's a reader who has—47-year-old ex-soldier F. Bailey, 98, Highfield Road South, Dartford. A bomb bursting near him led to his £250 *Bullet* in Contest 1,455, Short Of Shells—That "Bomb" Hit *America*!

To-day the First Prize for a *Bullet* has shot up to £250 again. Study the prize efforts on this page, realise that you can make a *Bullet* if only you will try and your coupon below may well bring *you* a £250 bombshell.

LAST DAY to POST for Prizes below—MON., JAN. 15.

HOW TO WIN—USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

Simply add 2, 3 or 4 words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" and there's a "Bullet" for your coupon below.

£250 FIRST PRIZE | **OTHERS: £20, £10, 10 of £5, 10 of £2 10s., 20 of £1, 100 of 2s. 6d., 1,500 NEW PRIZES**

PROGRAMME FOR 1945
TOMMY HOPES
EVERYBODY'S PROBLEM
TO MAKE PEACE
BILL FOR GERMANY
FACT OF THE MATTER
MUD
HARD TO RESIST
FOR THE GOOD OF ALL
MAN WHO'S MISSING
NO DOUBT
WHY HE WAS BEATEN
GRANDPA'S RHEUMATISM
ONCE IN A LIFE-TIME
ON TO THE SCRAP-HEAP
TOO SLOW
IN CAME THE TRAIN AND
BRUISED AND BLEEDING
CASE OF HAVING TO
DAD'S GIVEN UP BEER, SO

CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

EXAMPLE .....

BULLET .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid "Bullets." IF PREFERRED, USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

P.O. Value.....

No.....

"BULLETS" No. 1,460.

2 FREE BULLETS For 6d. extra you may add further four Bullets on plain paper, thus obtaining 2 FREE

FOR JAN. 27 "BULLETIN," ENCLOSE 1d. STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make your "Bullet" as usual.

EISENHOWER'S .....
ALL THE .....
TRAGEDY OF .....
DELAYING THE.....
WE DON'T.....
LOST IN THE.....

ADDRESS ENTRY

"BULLETS" 1,460, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

£100 FIRST, "BULLETS" 1,457

F. Pope, Barkham Ride, Wokingham.

SURPRISE FOR BRITAIN
CURSES FROM DEMOCRACY'S "CRADLE."

£20 : G. McKinley, Limes Hotel, Faversham.
The One Flag—*World* Salutes, Red Cross.

£10 : A. D. Blackwell, 11, Marland Fold, Rochdale.
What We Stand For—Minority's Voice—Majority's Choice.

£5 : H. Johnson, Moor Road, Bagsley, Nr. Altrincham.
What We Stand For—"Rule," If We "Sit."

£4 : F. Begtin, 58, Wormington Road, W. Kensington, W.10.
Money Isn't Everything, But—Remains "Division," Despite Democracy.

£3 : A. A. Taylor, 32, Thomas Landedall Street, Coventry.
Dear Little Cottages—Trashed Away In—*Whitehall*!

£3 : L. Thorpe, 206, Manchester Road, Denton, Manchester.
Dear Little Dell—Spain Brought—Engman's Taking!

"Bullets" Pointers—No. 5

Note that to receive "Bulletin" weekly, you MUST enclose each week a 1d. stamped envelope or label addressed to yourself. You will find its many hints invaluable.

20s. : R. Jennings, 6, Ranelagh St., Barton Hill, Bristol.
Chap With A Cold—*His* Abominations, "Good Week."

20s. : R. Chadwick, 53, Highland Street, Salford.
Surprise For Britain—To-day—*Germany's* "Resistance Movement."

20s. : R. J. Brewer, "Witterings," Highfield Ave., Aldershot
Unfortunate Oversight—Streak In American Bacon!

20s. : L.A.C. G. Sansways, Somewhere-in-Britain.
In War's Element—Hell's Red Rose *Disappeared*!

20s. : L. Bourne, 304, Hythe Road, Ashford, Kent.
Proved A Flop—Cashcow—Wiley Baffled Elbow!

A list of 100 winners of Cakes can be seen at these offices. 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

RULES 1.—Bullets First Prize will be awarded for best Bullet received and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. 2.—The Editor undertakes that all entries in Bullets shall receive careful consideration by a staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—All entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. for two Bullets, or 1s. to cover four. Two free Bullets allowed with each four paid and plain paper entries are allowed. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., with name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces half-rate if proposed personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries accepted only on condition that result of this week's Contest published in JOHN BULL dated Feb. 3, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and families not eligible.

XWORD

FIRST PRIZE £50—Other prizes value £25 and up to 100 Fruit Cakes. On plain paper, give IN INK 14 completed words answering Clues below.

1. You don't see nearly so many these newsdays—T□PERS. 2. Motorist should make it rule in narrow road not to—□ARK. 3. Describes goods that disappear for good from blitzed site—LO□T. 4. Good one is likely to please actress—□RESS. 5. It isn't usually easy to pull off—WA□ER. 6. Often sadly neglected after a time—□RAVE. 7. Little kiddies exchange these—S□APS. 8. You'll probably take longer to make double than single one—BE□. 9. Some men would be punished by these—□INER. 10. Scamped work should make a fortune—S□OK. 11. Doctor's dispenser must be precisely accurate when making up—□ILL. 12. The best plan may be wrecked by launching it before the right—TI□E. 13. Of these, slimy kind is quite common—S□AMPS. 14. Collect together all kinds of odds and ends—DA□S.

Entry fee—one 3d. stamp per set of Answers. For Gazette dated January 27, enclose 1d. stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Last day to post—Monday, January 15.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Xword 412, John Bull, Long Acre, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CHEQUES & CAKES WON IN XWORD 409

WINNING WORDS:
1. WANTS. 2. FUNK. 3. FARM. 4. SHOPS. 5. TRACKS. 6. KIN. 7. TRAY. 8. FORCE. 9. LAWS. 10. LABEL. 11. DAB. 12. LANE. 13. TOYS. 14. PRICE.

TWO £50 SHARERS:—
W. G. Waterman, Harrow;
H. R. Williams, Pudsall.

Winner—leader of most meritorious set of Answers submitted—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Tie divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

BUSINESS ENTERPRISE AFTER THE WAR

nall and medium-sized businesses in all branches of industry d trade must have every portunity of contributing, by eir enterprise and initiative, wards the nation's economic ell-being after the war. They ust be given full support in veloping British trade at me or in overseas markets.

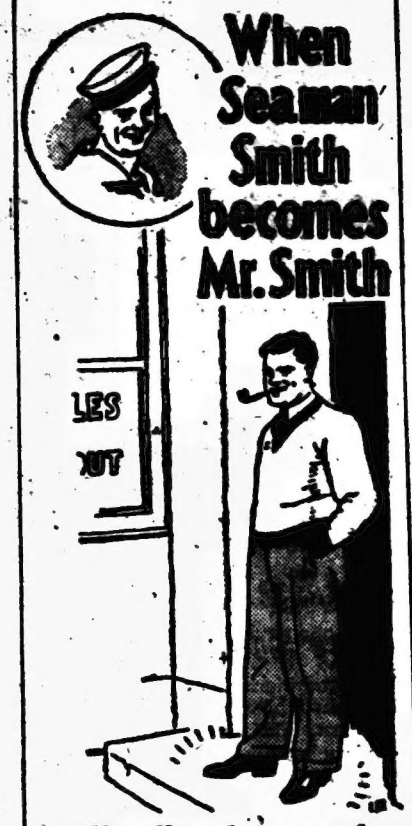
hanges due to war conditions ll for a far-sighted policy ncerning the financial aid they y need. This Bank, through branch managers, will therefore be prepared to consider quiries from promising dertakings, whether old or w, conducted under good anagement. It will base its nsideration of each proposal much upon the prospective rrower's integrity and business capacity as upon his aterial resources.

MIDLAND BANK
LIMITED

On Active Service

Electricity makes the wheels of war go round

Electricity cuts the metal and welds the structure, assembles the parts and transports the completed job. In every stage of war production Electricity is the vital driving force. That is why WE MUST SAVE FUEL TODAY.



he'll still insist on using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

to keep his shoes brilliantly smart and waterproof.

CB/CV

The Reliable Tonic

"Iron 'Jelloids' are the only remedy that does me any good."
—Mrs. P.

Iron Jelloids

make you feel better every day in every way

If you feel you need a tonic, take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS,' the *reliable* Tonic for Men, Women and Children. Although wartime production is restricted, your usual chemist should be able to supply you.

One price only

1/4

Including Purchase Tax

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered Trade Mark

"Won't there be searchlights?"...

She has never known a world without searchlights. Growing up in the greatest war of all time, she does not even know what peace was like.

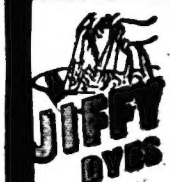
You are anxious to ensure that once this war is over, she makes up for the loss of so much childhood joy. You will look to her health first and make sure that 'Milk of Magnesia' is your standby—never absent from the medicine cabinet..

In the happier days ahead, as now, 'Milk of Magnesia' will keep her fit and free from stomach troubles.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

BANISH BOREDOM



We tire so of things long before they are worn out and we desire a change. A suggestion! Buy a Jiffy Dye and work magic with colours. Frocks, scarves, underwear, curtains, covers, etc., are transformed in a few minutes and become new again right before your eyes. Choose something simple to-day on which to try your hand.

Jiffy Dyes 3d. EACH
IN 27 LOVELY COLOURS
Made by Makers of Drummer Dyes. Dolly Cream, Drummer Pine Disinfectant.
Wm. Edge & Sons, Ltd.——*Bolton.*

WHEREVER I GO

I SHALL CARRY MACLEAN BRAND STOMACH POWDER

Cardiff.
23rd July, 1943.

ear Sirs,
I wish to register my appreciation in spect of the qualities of your Stomach wder.
Three weeks ago I had severe stomach ains. . . . For ten days I suffered these ains and was not eating, the sight of it ade me worse. . . .
About the 12th day I decided that it ust be a question of a remedy, and I ought of Macleans . . . Now I am ting a ration and a half, can run and mp, have reached my former self mpletely. . . .
I can assure you wherever I go as a ldier I shall carry some Macleans.
Yours respectfully,
(Signed) Sapper W.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder quickly lieves Heartburn, Flatulence, Nausea, and tomach Pains due to Indigestion. Price /3 and 5/7½ (Inc. Tax.) Only genuine if gned, "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

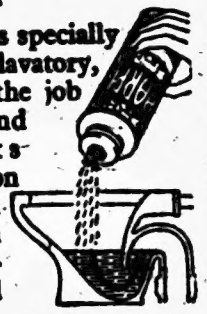
Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

How to clean the lavatory

TO clean the lavatory thoroughly and effectively, simply sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good time).

Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!



Because it is specially made for the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discoloration — cleans, disinfects and deodorizes.

Harpic is easy to use — a real boon to the housewife.

Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round the S-bend. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

HARPIC

WHY CATS LEAVE HOME

"Listen to her calling me. Can't she see I'm not well? I'll go and live in the woods!"

"Rats, mice and mousetraps. It's TIBS! I've wronged her all the time. Aren't I glad I came back after all."

"Go and live in the woods? Not this feline! There's no TIBS in them thar woods and I know when I'm well off."

TIBS
Keep cats kittenish

Remember the rule —one powder a day. 'Tibs' are tasteless in food or drink. From all corn merchants and chemists, in packets of nine for 7d.

A product of Bob Martin, Ltd., Southport

2117 (Rev.)

Constipation can be a very big worry...

Depression is just as much a symptom of constipation as a sick headache—but it is wonderful how quickly a course of Beecham's Pills will put everything right, simply by encouraging a thorough but gentle movement of the bowels. If you are apt to suffer from constipation get some Beecham's Pills today —and look after yourself!

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

Beecham's Pills

Breakfast oats should be SCOTTISH OATS

JUST as the Canary Isles are famous for their bananas, so Scotland is famous for her Oats. But fortunately, Scott's Porage Oats—pick of the Scottish crop—are not so hard to get as Canary bananas. So remember, when buying oats for breakfast, you should get Scottish Oats—Scott's Oats whenever possible. Taste, and you will see why. When present restrictions are lifted, there will again be enough Scott's Porage Oats for everybody—and, we hope, bananas too.

Scott's *porage* **Oats**

SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST

..but I've got a tin of NESCAFÉ!

O happy day when you get a tin of Nescafé! Fragrant, full-flavoured coffee—made instantly—right in the cup. No bother; no coffee-pot to wash up; no messy grounds. Just the enjoyment of grand coffee. Demand still continues to overwhelm supplies, so you may have to be patient. However, here's to the great day when you get *your* Nescafé!

NESCAFÉ

A NESTLÉ'S PRODUCT

Rehearsals • concerts • recitals
troops shows • broadcasts

—she drives herself hard

The professional pianist is always on the go; who isn't, in these days? And so, like other hard-working folk, she's glad of a cup of Rowntree's Cocoa, so soothing to nerves that are for ever keyed up, whether by the bustle of "show" life or by the never-ending cooking, shopping, washing, mending and housework that make up the day of the wife and mother. Rowntree's Cocoa comforts jangled nerves and aids digestion; for unlike so many drinks, it contains body-building protein, energy-giving carbohydrate and fat.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA
soothes frayed nerves

Deeds—not words!

No words could express the countless hours of pleasure and trouble-free listening which have been enjoyed by thousands of owners of Mullard radio sets. They have discovered for themselves that their choice was a good one. No wonder they will always insist on Mullard, knowing full well that when better sets are made Mullard will make them.

MULLARD
RADIO AND TELEVISION

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Regd.)

Only the finest ingredients are good enough for MARS...

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory and plenty of Mars for everyone—everywhere

Mars

Make it easy—have a MACLEAN SHAVE

1 Wet the beard thoroughly. 2 Put a little cream on your chin with finger tip. 3 Lather with plenty of water on brush.

Just try the quick lathering properties of Macleans Shaving Cream and notice its soothing effect on your skin. See how economical it is, too. A very little Macleans gives you the easiest, smoothest shave you ever enjoyed.

1/3 PER JAR

S.C.10

All Through The Year Keep Healthy & Radiant

Now's the time to start with Bile Beans if you want to always look and feel at your best in the year ahead. For Bile Beans bring you that perfect "inner health" which is reflected in a clear complexion, sparkling eyes and youthful lines.

Purely vegetable, Bile Beans act gently in Nature's way—they purify the blood, promote easy digestion, and daily eliminate all impurities and food waste.

Just Remember

BILE BEANS

Regularly at Bedtime

1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

Interest is the finest training!

Give the boys something to do, something to make, and you will provide a character-building foundation for future success. Give them a Hobbies Fretwork Outfit to keep them busy and happy.

Hobbies

Hobbies Ltd., Dereham, Norfolk

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